

Hardesty's

EARLY WEST VIRGINIA

EDITOR'S NOTE

Every Hardesty's was prefaced with an "Early West Virginia" chapter, an accounting of the struggle of the settlers against the Indians. That account was the same in each book. This series of Hardesty's reprints will carry that account but once, and that in this volume as follows.

When Virginia first became known to the whites, it was occupied by many different tribes of Indians, attached to different nations. That portion lying northwest of the Blue Ridge, and extending to the Great Lakes, was possessed by the Massawomees, who were a powerful confederacy, rarely in friendship with the tribes east of those mountains. Little of their history is known; some suppose them to have been the ancestors of the Six Nations, but they more probably became incorporated with them.

This tribe gradually retired, as settlements extended westward from the sea, and when the white population reached the Blue Ridge mountains, the country between it and the Alleghenies was entirely uninhabited; the beautiful Valley of Virginia was then only used as a hunting ground, and as a highway for belligerent parties of Indians, in their expeditions against each other. In consequence of the continued hostilities between the northern and southern Indians, these expeditions were frequent, and tended to retard the settlement of the valley. There were small Indian villages interspersed West Virginia, the most of whose

inhabitants crossed to the northwest between the Alleghenies and the Ohio river, within the present limits of side of the river, as the white settlements advanced.

North of the present boundary of Virginia, and particularly near the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, the Indians were more numerous, and their villages larger. The principal of these tribes were the Delawares, Mingoes and Shawnees, the greater part of whom moved westward when the French were forced to abandon their position at the forks of the Ohio river, in 1765. When improvements were commenced by the white's, therefore, in western Virginia, the country was almost entirely uninhabited, excepting by the wild beasts of the forest, and frequent straggling bands of Indians hunters, who wreaked their vengeance upon the whites whenever opportunity offered. In the country northwest of the Ohio, however, there were many warlike tribes who were exceedingly hostile to the colonists; and in the vicinity of the southwestern portion of the State were the Cherokees (who occupied the western part of North Carolina), the Chickasaws and the Catawbas.

FIRST WHITE SETTLERS ON THE MONONGAHELA, ITS BRANCHES, AND IN THE NORTHWEST.

Probably the first white men who built cabins in Virginia west of the Allegheny mountains were David Tygart and Mr. Files, who came in 1754, the latter settling at the mouth of the creek which now bears his name (where the town of Beverly stands); and the former, a few miles farther up the river (since called Tygarts Valley river), in what is known as Tygarts valley. The only Indians in this vicinity at that time were hunting and war parties from the north and west, whose hostility (and the difficulty in obtaining breadstuff for their families) soon determined these men to abandon their settlements. Before they could carry out their determination, however, the family of Files became victims to savage cruelty. A strolling band massacred them all excepting a boy, who, making his escape, hastened to the Tygarts and warned them in time, so that they saved themselves by flight.

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Soon after this, a settlement was made on Cheat river, a few miles east of where Morgantown now stands, by a party of Dunkards, comprising Dr. Thomas Eckarly and his two brothers. They first encamped at the mouth of Dunkards creek, which owes its name to this circumstance, and finally located on Dunkards bottom, on Cheat river. Although a bloody Indian war was then waging, they remained unmolested for several years, when the doctor went to visit a trading post upon the Shenandoah river and obtain supplies. Upon his return, he found the ashes of his cabin and the mutilated bodies of his brothers.

In the fall of 1758, Thomas Decker and others commenced a settlement on the Monongahela, at the mouth of the creek which has since borne his name, but they were driven out in the spring by a war party of Delawares and Mingoos, and many of them murdered. Owing to the continued hostilities, no further effort was made to establish a settlement upon the Monongahela or

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which they had toiled, gave industry an impetus which increased prosperity, it also induced others to come among them, and an increase in population and an extension of settlements was the consequence.

It was during this period that several establishments were made on the Monongahela and its branches. These were nearly contemporaneous, but the first in order was that made on the Buckhannon, a fork of Tygarts Valley river. It was during the year 1764 that John Simpson, a trapper, had his camp at the head of the Youghogany river, and in his employ were John and Samuel Pringle — two soldiers, who had deserted from Fort Pitt. These glades having begun to be a common hunting ground, Simpson and his party determined upon moving farther west, where they might be free from the incursions of other hunters. After having crossed Cheat river at the Horse Shoe, and while journeying through the wilderness, a quarrel arose between Simpson and one of the Pringles, and they separated, the Pringles keeping up the Valley river until they reached the Buckhannon, which they ascended several miles, and at the mouth of Turkey run took up their abode in the cavity of a large sycamore tree. Here they remained together, subsisting upon game, until 1767, when John left his brother for the purpose of going to a trading post on the Shenandoah to secure ammunition

and other supplies. Samuel suffered considerably during his brother's absence, who, however, returned in the course of several weeks, bringing the news of the treaty of peace with the French and Indians. Now, no longer fearing arrest for desertion, and becoming tired of their seclusion, they determined to leave it, not, however, without feelings of regret, and they expected to return as soon as possible, if they could induce others to accompany them to that desirable section.

In the fall of the ensuing year, therefore (1768), Samuel Pringle returned, accompanied by several others, who, being pleased with the appearance of the country, removed there the following spring, locating permanently upon lands selected by them, which they proceeded to cultivate. John Jackson (who was accompanied by his sons, George and Edward) settled at the mouth of Turkey run; John Hacker, farther up on the Buckhannon river, where "Bushes fort" was soon afterward established; Alexander and Thomas Sleeth, near to the Jacksons, on what was afterward known as the "Forenash Plantation." It was at the house of George Jackson that the first county court of Harrison was held, in 1784. William Hacker, Thomas and

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John Simpson, after parting with the Pringle brothers, crossed over the Valley river, near the mouth of Pleasant creek, and passing on to the head of another water course, gave it the name of Simpsons creek. Thence he went westwardly until he came upon a stream which he named Elk creek, at the mouth of which he erected a camp, where he continued to reside for twelve months, during

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which time he saw nothing of his former companions, or any human face. At the end of a year, he proceeded to a settlement on the South Branch, where he disposed of a large stock of furs and skins, and returned again to his camp at the mouth of the Elk, remaining until a number of cabins had been erected near the creek, on what is now Main street, in the city of Clarksburg.

After the first arrival, other emigrants soon came, under the guidance of Samuel Pringle, from the South Fork settlements, among whom were John Cutright, who settled on Buckhannon; Henry Rule, who improved a tract just above the mouth of Finks run, and John and William Radcliff, who both settled on Hacker's creek — the latter on the place afterward owned by William Powers. John Hacker settled on the creek which took his name.

In 1768, Jacob Vanmeter, John Swan, Thomas Hughes and others, settled on the west side of the Monongahela, near the mouth of Muddy creek. The same year, the place which had been occupied for a time by Thomas Decker and his unfortunate associates (where Morgantown is now situated) was settled by a party of emigrants, one

1768), Samuel Ringe accompanied by several others, being pleased with the beauty of the country, removed the following spring, locating themselves upon lands selected by John Jackson (who was accompanied by his sons, George and William), settled at the mouth of the Buckhannon river, where "the station" was soon afterward established. Alexander and Thomas Jackson, on what is now known as the "station." It was at the residence of John Jackson that the first fair was held, in 1768. John and William Jackson employed John Brown exclusively in hunting, making improvements for their own benefit; they were a valuable adjunct to the settlement, in supplying the country with meat, and afterward protecting them against the Indians. Their skill in woodcraft obtained afterward for their services invaluable. In one of their expeditions covering the West they obtained the name.

After parting with the Indians, they crossed over the river at the mouth of the Ohio, passing on to the north-west course, gave it the name of Elk creek. Thence they proceeded until he came to a place which he named Elk creek, of which he was the first settler. Here he continued to reside for several months, during

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In 1769, Col. Ebenezer Zane, his brothers Silas and Jonathan, with some others from the South branch, visited the Ohio river for the purpose of commencing improvements, and to select positions for their future residence. Col. Zane chose for his an eminence above the mouth of Wheeling creek, near the Ohio, and opposite a beautiful island; this spot is now in the midst of the flourishing city of Wheeling. Silas Zane commenced improving on Wheeling creek, and Jonathan (with several others who accompanied the adventurers) remained with Col. Zane. After making preparations for the reception of their families, they proceeded to the South branch after them, returning in 1770, accompanied by Col. David Shepherd, John Wetzel (father of Lewis) and the McCulloughs — men whose names are

identified with the early history of that country. Soon after this other settlements were made, at points both above and below Wheeling, on Buffalo, Short and Grave creeks, and the Ohio; among the first to settle above Wheeling were George Lefler, John Doddridge, Benjamin Biggs, Daniel Greathouse, Joshua Baker and Andrew Swearingen.

About 1770, Capt. James Booth and John Thomas located upon the creek which received the former's name, near the present town of Boothville, Marion county. The former settled at the place known as the "Jesse Martin farm," and the latter on the "old William Martin place." Sixty years later, this latter was called the most valuable landed estate in northwestern Virginia, off the Ohio river.

About this time, also, David Morgan (the noted Indian fighter) established himself upon the Monongahela, near the mouth of Pricketts creek, five miles below Fairmont. Among others settling here at this time, were families by the name of Prickett, Ice, Hall, Cochran, Hayes, Cunningham, Hartley, Barns, Haymond, Fleming and Springer whose descendants now comprise a large proportion of the population of the surrounding country. Many of them came from the colonies of Virginia, Maryland and Delaware, crossing the mountains by the

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In 1772, settlements were made on Simpsons creek, West Fork river and Elk creek. John Simpson at this time held a "tomahawk title" on the first-mentioned stream, which was purchased by John Powers, who immediately settled upon it; and James Anderson and Jonas Webb located further up the creek. On the Elk, and in the vicinity of Clarksburg, settlements were made by Thomas Nutter, near what was afterward the Forge Mills; Samuel Cotttrial, on the east side of the creek, nearly opposite

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d above Beard, on the farm for a long
e time owned by John W. Patton;
, Daniel Davisson, where Clarksburg is
, now situated; Obadiah Davisson and
John Nutter, on the West fork, the
former near the old salt works, and
the latter at the place for many years
owned by Adam Hickman, Jr.

At this time a considerable
acession was also made to the
settlements on Buckhannon and
Hackers creek. So great was the
increase in population in the latter
neighborhood, that the crops of the
preceding season did not afford more
than one-third of the breadstuff that
would ordinarily be consumed in the
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was the state of suffering caused by
this scarcity of food that the year
1773 has been known here as "the
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In 1772, the fine country lying on
the east fork of the Monongahela river,
between the Allegheny mountains, at
the southeast, and the Laurel hill (or
Rich mountain) at the northwest,
which had received the name of
Tygarts valley, attracted the attention
of a number of emigrants, and during
that year the greater part of the
valley was located. Among those who
occupied nearly all the level land
lying between those mountains — a
plain of about thirty miles in length
and varying from three-fourths to two
miles in width, of rich soil — are
found the names of Hadden,
Connelly, Whiteman, Warwick,
Nelson, Stalnaker, Riffle and Westfall.
Cheat river (on which no attempt at
settlement had been made but by the
unfortunate Eckarlys) then began to
attract attention. The Horse Shoe
bottom was located by Captain James
Parsons, of the South branch; also, in
the neighborhood, settled Robert
Cunningham, Henry Fink, John Goff;
and John Minear, Robert Butler,
William Morgan and others settled on
the Dunkard bottom.

These were the principal settlements begun in Northwestern Virginia prior to the year 1774. Few and scattered as they were, when it became known that they were established, hundreds flocked to them from every part of the country, and no sooner had they come together than similitude of situation and a common danger created a bond of unison and friendship.

THE GREAT KANAWHA RIVER AND ITS TRIBUTARIES

In the year 1753, when all this region was an unbroken wilderness, a party of Shawnees came from their villages on the Scioto river (now in Ohio) and made a raid upon the frontier settlements of Virginia, in what is now Montgomery county. Taking the whites by surprise, they destroyed their settlement, murdered the greater portion of them, and retreated with a number of captives, down New river, Kanawha and Ohio, to their homes. One of these captives was Mrs. Mary Ingles, who afterward made her escape and returned to her friends, to whom she related that the party of savages stopped several days at a salt spring on the Kanawha river, during which time they were engaged in manufacturing salt by boiling the water. This was the first account of salt making west of the Alleghenies.

The earliest white settlement in the Kanawha valley was made by Walter Kelley and family, at the mouth of the creek which bears his name, in 1774, several months before the battle of Point Pleasant. These people

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A few hundred yards above the
mouth of Campbells creek, just in
front of Thoroughfare gap, Daniel
Boone made a log cabin settlement,
and resided on the opposite side of
the river, on the Splint Coal bottom.
Here he lived for a number of years,
engaged in hunting, trapping and
fighting the Indians, and in 1791,
served as one of the delegates from
Kanawha county to the Legislature at
Richmond.

The first white man who reached
the mouth of the Kanawha, of which
history makes mention, was
Christopher Gist, the agent and
surveyor of the Ohio Land Company.
In the year 1749, he set out on a
tour of exploration north of the
Ohio, where the lands of his employer
were located, and in 1750, when on
his return, he reached the mouth of
the Great Kanawha, and made a
thorough exploration of the country
north of that river. His journal may
be seen in the library of the
Massachusetts Historical Society. Mrs.
Hannah Dennis, in the year 1763,
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of Virginia, in Montgomery county. by surprise, they element, murdered n of them, and mber of captives, nawha and Ohio, of these captives s, who afterward returned to her related that the ped several days Kanawha river, y were engaged by boiling the first account of he Alleghenies. ttlement in the ade by Walter the mouth of his name, in s before the These people Indians; but Point, when y for life, the d, mostly by y the hardy wed General Among the s one of 502 5 by John Valley of e mouth of ttom above, e place was Ruffner, in he Kanawha 000 acres of and William d from the

Christopher Gist, the agent and surveyor of the Ohio Land Company. In the year 1749, he set out on a tour of exploration north of the Ohio, where the lands of his employer were located, and in 1750, when on his return, he reached the mouth of the Great Kanawha, and made a thorough exploration of the country north of that river. His journal may be seen in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mrs. Hannah Dennis, in the year 1763, returning from a three years' captivity among the Shawnee Indians beyond the Ohio, reaching the Ohio river in June of that year, crossed it on a drift log at the mouth of the Kanawha, and twenty days afterward reached the settlements on the James. Captain William Arbuckle, (one of the most distinguished characters in pioneer history) visited the mouth of the Kanawha in 1764, and ten years later was chosen to guide the army of General Lewis to that place. This Kanawha valley became the great thoroughfare by which the Indians, when on their expeditions of bloodshed and murder, reached the eastern settlements, and many were the prisoners carried along this route, when on their way to spend a hopeless captivity in the western wilderness.

The first trail through the wilds from Lewisburg to this valley was that made by the army of General Lewis when on its march to Point Pleasant, in 1774; this was known as "Lewis Trace," and was nothing

better than a bridle-path; the first wagon-road was completed in 1786. A fort was erected at the mouth of the Kanawha in 1774, and soon afterward Clendenin's fort, where Charleston now stands. Many families resided in these forts during the continuance of the Indian war, who, escaping from their confinement after the declaration of peace, in 1795, began the permanent settlement of the valley. Among these were the families of Ruffner, Arbuckle, Morris, Greenlee, Tretter, Cautrell, Clendenin, Van Bebber and many others.

IN THE GREENBRIER COUNTRY

The first permanent settlement west of the Blue Ridge was made by Joist Hite, who, in 1732, came with fifteen other families, and settled in what is now Frederick county, Virginia; he was soon followed by many others. About the year 1749, there was a man in Frederick county subject to lunacy, and when at times laboring under its influence, he would ramble long distances into the wilderness. In one of these wanderings he came upon the waters of Greenbrier river, and, surprised to find them flowing in a westerly direction, he made the fact known on

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who claimed the right to the domain. Previous to the issuing of this proclamation, some families had moved to Greenbrier and made two settlements — one on Muddy creek, and the other in the Big levels; these, disregarding the royal command, remained until they were destroyed by the Indians, in 1763, and from this time until 1769, Greenbrier was uninhabited; at the later date, Captain John Stuart and a few other young men began to settle and improve the country.

In 1756, settlements were also made on New river and on Holstein, and among the daring adventurers who effected them were Evan Shelby, William Campbell, William Preston, Thomas Walden and Daniel Boone, all of whom became distinguished in the history of the country. The lands taken up by them were held as "corn rights," each acquiring a title to an hundred acres of land for every acre planted in corn.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRADERS PRIO 1795

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who effected them were Evan Shelby,
William Campbell, William Preston,
Thomas Walden and Daniel Boone, all
of whom became distinguished in the
history of the country. The lands
taken up by them were held as "corn
rights," each acquiring a title to an
hundred acres of land for every acre
planted in corn.

THE FIRST ENGLISH TRADERS PRIOR 1795

As early as the year 1740, traders
from the colonies of Pennsylvania and
eastern Virginia went among the
Indians on the Ohio and its tributary
streams to deal for skins and pelts. In
the second volume of Spark's Writings
of Washington is recorded the first
attempt toward a permanent
settlement on the Ohio river. "In the
year 1748, Thomas Lee, one of his
majesty's counsel in Virginia, formed
a design of effecting a settlement on
the wild lands west of the Allegheny
mountains through the association of
a number of gentlemen. Before this
date there were no English residents
in those regions. A few traders
wandered from tribe to tribe and
dwelt among the Indians, but they
neither cultivated or occupied the
land. Mr. Lee associated with himself
Mr. Hanbury, a merchant from
London, and twelve persons in
Virginia and Maryland, composing the
Ohio Land Company. A half million
of acres of land was granted them, to
be taken principally on the south side
of the Ohio river, between the
Monongahela and Kanawha rivers."

Following the treaty of
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began to take formal possession of their discoveries on the Ohio river and its tributaries. February 10, 1763, peace was established between Great Britain, France and Spain, at which time France surrendered to the English the Canadas and all her possessions east of the Mississippi river, as far south as the thirty-first degree of latitude; while Spain gave up Florida. In 1764, France ceded Louisiana to Spain, thus abandoning the last of her territory in North America. The Indians being now deserted by their old allies, the French (who, for a long series of years, had been their friends, supplying them with clothing and implements of war), it was thought that they would remain at peace with the English settlements. Having faith in their fair promises to this effect, traders, provided with valuable assortments of merchandise to be exchanged for their peltries, circulated with more freedom among them along the rivers. But in the summer of 1763, a formidable alliance was formed, composed of all the western tribes from the Muskingum to the Michillimackinac, for the purpose of exterminating the whites. They were doubtless partly instigated to this by their old allies, the French, who smarting under their late defeat, looked with a jealous eye upon the advance of the English settlers.

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GENERAL SITUATION 1765-1795

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GENERAL SITUATION 1765-1795

After a treaty of peace with the Indians, by Colonel Boquet, in 1765, the district of West Augusta began to be settled more rapidly by people from east of the mountains. Between the years 1769-74, the settlements made extended in a circular belt, around a large wilderness of forest; commencing at Wheeling and Grave

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creek on the Ohio river, passing over the dividing mountains to the Monongahela river, thence to Clarksburg, on the West Fork river, thence over to Tygart valley and Buckhannon rivers in the east, thence southward to Greenbrier and New rivers, thence westward, down New and Big Kanawha rivers to the Ohio river, at Point Pleasant. This semi-circle embraces about 170 miles on the Ohio river, extending back southeastward from 50 to 125 miles. The vast territory of forest lands in the central part of this tract was left unsettled at that time, owing to the fear of attack from passing bands of Indians, and from this time to the beginning of the present century, it was slow to receive emigrants. From 1785 to 1795, all the tribes of the Northwestern territory (excepting the Moravian Indians) were engaged in a united warfare upon the white settlements.

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EVENTS IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF WESTERN VIRGINIA

A general description of the war between the Indians and the early pioneers is given in the accompanying history of the State. It would be impossible and undesirable to give a full and complete account of the numerous atrocities that were committed during its continuance; it were better, perhaps, to forget some of the heart-sickening details, rather than have the memory of them perpetuated, as it could serve no good purpose. Enough, however, of the most important and interesting, will be chronicled, gathered from the recollections and notes of old pioneers, as will serve to illustrate the spirit of the times, and the trials and troubles of the early settlers.

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THE INDIANS PROVOKED TO OPEN HOSTILITY

There were no outbreaks among the Indians of northwestern Virginia for a period of nearly ten years after

the close of the French and Indian war (1765 to 1774), and this state of affairs would doubtless have longer continued, had it not been for the barbarous action on the part of a few whites. Among these atrocities was the unprovoked murder of three Indians by John Ryan, on the Ohio, Monongahela and Cheat rivers, at different periods during this time. Capt. Peter, a chief of some distinction, was the first of Ryan's victims, and the others were also noted warriors, who were on friendly terms with the whites. About the same time, other friendly Indians were killed in this vicinity while visiting the white settlers.

Among the victims to the treachery of this unscrupulous class of white settlers was Bald Eagle, an Indian well known as a warm friend, who was frequently in the habit of associating with them. While on one of his visits to the white settlements, he was waylaid by Jacob Scott, William Hacker and Elijah Runner, and murdered in cold blood. Seating the body in the stern of a canoe, they set it afloat in the Monongahela river, after thrusting in the mouth of the dead warrior a piece of "journey cake." Several persons noticed the canoe, with its ghastly burden, descending the river.

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In 1772, there was an Indian town on the Little Kanawha called Bulltown inhabited by five families, who were in habits of friendly and social intercourse with the whites on Buckhannon, and on Hackers creek, frequently visiting and hunting with them. There was likewise residing on Gauley river the family of a German named Stroud. In the summer of that year, Mr. Stroud being from home, his family were all murdered, his house plundered and his cattle driven off. The trail made by the marauders leading in the direction of Bulltown, induced the supposition that the Indians of the village had been the

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authors of the outrage, and caused several to resolve to revenge it upon them.

A party of five men, two of whom were William White and William Hacker, who had been concerned in previous murders, expressed a determination to proceed immediately to Bulltown. The remonstrance of the settlement could not operate to effect a change in their purpose. They went, and on their return, circumstances justified the belief that the pre-apprehension of those who knew the temper and feelings of White and Hacker, had been well founded, and that there had been some fighting between them and the Indians. And notwithstanding they denied having seen an Indian in their absence, yet it was the prevailing opinion that they had destroyed all the men, women and children at Bulltown, and thrown their bodies into the river. Indeed, one of the party is said to have, inadvertently, used expressions confirmatory of this opinion, and to have then justified the deed by saying that the clothes and other things known to have belonged to Stroud's family were found in the possession of the Indians. The village was soon

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of the Indians. The village was soon
after visited, and found to be entirely
desolated, and nothing being ever
afterward heard of its former
inhabitants, there can remain no
doubt that the murder of Stroud's
family was requited on them.

Here, then, was a fit time for the
Indians to commence a system of
retaliation and war; if they were
disposed to engage in hostilities for
offenses of this kind alone. Yet no
such event was the consequence of
the killing of the Bulltown Indians, or
of the other murders which preceded
that outrage. When the family of the
Indian chief, Logan, was killed
opposite Yellow creek, he said: "The
Indians are not angry on account of
those murders, but only myself." The
renewal of hostilities by the Indians
in 1774 was mainly caused by the
emissaries of Great Britain, whose
allies they became, and who urged
and instigated an assault upon the
colonists, in order to detract attention
from the outrages being perpetrated
upon them by England, and also to
cripple them and prevent an armed
resistance to the King's authority,

which was then threatened. The Indian battle at Point Pleasant, which occurred at this time, an account of which is given in the history of the State, has, therefore, been justly termed the first battle of the Revolutionary war.

CONSTRUCTION OF FORTS AND PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE

As soon as it became manifest that there was to be a general war with the Indians, many of the whites in northwestern Virginia made their way to Fort Pitt (now Pittsburg), at the confluence of the Monongahela and Allegheny rivers, and other smaller forts were rapidly constructed throughout the country. Prickett's fort was erected at the mouth of Prickett's creek, on the Monongahela, about five miles below Fairmont, which afforded protection to all the settlers on the upper Monongahela, in the vicinity of where now stand the towns of Fairmont, Palatine, Rivesville and Newport. In Tygarts valley were erected Westfalls and Cassinos forts.

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CHIEF LOGAN'S RAID ON SIMPSONS CREEK

The region of the upper Monongahela was not the scene of active war, but straggling parties of Indians would frequently find their way to that section for the purpose of committing depredations. Probably the first of these incursions into the vicinity was made by a party of eight Indians, led by the celebrated Cayuga chief, Logan, always hitherto (until the murder of his family and other atrocities, impelled him to exchange the pipe of peace for the tomahawk), the honest "friend of the white man." They traversed the country from the Ohio river, to the West Fork, and on the 12th day of July, 1774, came suddenly upon William Robinson, Thomas Hellen and Coleman Brown, who were pulling flax in a field opposite the mouth of Simpsons creek. Taking the whites by surprise, they fired upon them, when Brown was instantly killed, and Hellen and Robinson sought safety in flight. Hellen, being an old man, was soon made captive, but Robinson, being

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Hellen, being an old man, was soon
made captive, but Robinson, being
young and active, would have made
his escape but for an accident.
Believing that he was outstripping his
pursuers, he looked over his shoulder
to see whether the Indians were
following, and ran with such force
against a tree, striking his head, that
he fell to the ground, stunned and
insensible. Taking with them a horse
which had belonged to Brown, the
savages set off with their prisoners.

As they approached their village,
Logan gave the scalp halloo (as was
usual after a successful scout), and
several warriors came out to meet
them, to conduct the prisoners into
camp. Then followed the ceremony of
running the gauntlet. Robinson,
having been previously instructed by
Logan (who had manifested a kindly
feeling toward him), made his way
with little interruption to the
council-house. Poor Hellen, however,
being infirm, and ignorant that the
council-house was a place of refuge,
was badly beaten, and finally knocked
down just before reaching the haven
of safety. Here he would have been
beaten to death, had not Robinson, at
great risk to himself, reached forth
and drawn him in. After recovering

from the effects of the beating, Hellen was adopted into an Indian family. Robinson was tied to the stake to be burned, and Logan interceded with his matchless eloquence, for his preservation. While some of the savages were moved by it, and inclined to mercy, the greater portion insisted on proceeding with the cruel tragedy, until the chief, enraged at their pertinacity, and heedless of the consequence, drew his tomahawk, and severing the cords which bound the prisoner, led him hastily to the cabin of an old squaw, by whom he was immediately adopted. Logan continued a friend to Robinson, who remained with his adopted mother until he was redeemed under the treaty made at the close of the Dunmore campaign.

INDIAN MURDERS-ATTACK ON FORT HARBERT

In September, 1774, Josiah Prickett and Mrs. Susan Ox left Pricketts fort, near Newport, for the purpose of driving up their cows. Attracted by the tinkling of the cow-bells, a party of Indians waylaid them, and succeeded in killing and scalping the former and taking the latter prisoner.

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For two years after this, although the Indians continued their depredations throughout the country (utterly ignoring the treaty of peace made at Point Pleasant), no serious outrages happened in that immediate vicinity. The next important event of the kind occurred in June, 1777, on Rooting creek, a branch of West Fork, at the house of Charles Grisby. During the absence of Mr. Grisby, a party of Indians entered his house, and, after plundering it, departed, taking with them Mrs. Grisby and her two children as prisoners. The husband and father soon after returned, and, comprehending instantly what had been done, he hastily gathered a few of his neighbors together and started in pursuit. After following the trail for about six miles, they came upon a ghastly scene. Lying on the ground were the bodies of Mrs. Grisby and her younger child, both killed and scalped by their inhuman captors.

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Leaving two of their number to take care of the remains, the men pushed forward, eager to overtake the savages and avenge the bloody deed, but they were finally obliged to give up in despair and return home.

Soon after this, two Indians secreted themselves near Coons fort, on West Fork, waiting an opportunity to do some mischief, when a daughter of Mr. Coon came out of the fort into a field which bordered the roadside. Enoch Jones and Thomas Cunningham, coming down the road, held a short conversation with her, and passed on. In the meantime, the Indians were waiting for her to come near enough to enable them to capture her without alarming the people at the fort; but, turning suddenly, she observed them, and started to run home. Instantly one of the savages shot at her, while the other overtook and tomahawked her before the eyes of the horrified men, who were too far distant to render her aid. The settlers immediately started in pursuit, but the savages managed to evade them.

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On the 3d of March following
(1778), a party of Indians came
suddenly upon a number of children
playing in a yard, on Tenmile creek,
belonging to the house known as Fort
Harbert — a place of refuge for the
settlers in the neighborhood. The
children ran, screaming to the house,
and apprised the inmates of the
approach of the savages. John
Murphy, hastening to the door, was
instantly shot, and fell back into the
house. The Indian who had fired, not
knowing that there were other men in
the house, sprang in, and was instantly
grappled by Mr. Harbert, who threw
him upon the floor, and struck him
with his tomahawk. While standing
over the prostrate savage, two shots
were fired at Harbert from without,
one of which passed through his head
and killed him. In the meantime,
Edward Cunningham was having a
terrible struggle with a warrior who
had entered immediately after the
first one. Drawing up his gun, he
attempted to shoot the savage, but it
missed fire, and the two men closed
in a hand-to-hand encounter. After a
few moments contest, Cunningham
wrenched the Indian's tomahawk
from his hand and buried it in his

back, while Mrs. Cunningham struck the savage a hasty blow with an ax, causing him to release his hold upon Cunningham, and beat a retreat from the house. The third Indian who entered the door wore the unshorn front of a buffalo, with the ears and horns still attached, and as he entered, he struck Miss Reece a blow which wounded her severely. Mrs. Reece, seeing the imminent danger of her daughter, seized the head-dress of the savage by its horns, hoping to turn aside the blow, but it came off in her hands and the blow fell upon the girl's head. Mr. Reece then attacked the Indian, but was quickly thrown to the floor, and would have been killed, had not Cunningham rushed to the rescue and tomahawked the assailant. During this time, the balance of the Indians, who had been prevented from entering the door by the women, were engaged in securing the children in the yard, in order to carry them off as prisoners; having secured the greater portion and killed the balance, they retreated. In this attack one white person was killed in the house, and four wounded; three of the eight children in the yard were killed, and the balance taken prisoners; the Indians had one killed and two wounded.

Jonathan Lowther and others, being incautious, fled for safety with arms, fled for safety in a number (having the arms of them and Wests for them and Richards, as well for of their lives as to the inmates had, however that the enemy Washburn (who had been day before, on his returning to Rich to where Cler afterward located his horse, tomahawked finding of his alarm, and they guard before the men from Hack left the neighborhood further mischief not strong enough

DEATH OF AND PURSUIT

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the house, and four wounded; three of the eight children in the yard were killed, and the balance taken prisoners; the Indians had one killed and two wounded.

HUGHES AND LOWTHER SHOT, AND DEATH OF ISAAC WASHBURN

In the latter part of the following April (1778), a party of about twenty Indians came to the neighborhoods of Hackers creek and the West Fork. At this time, the inhabitants had taken refuge in West fort, on the creek, and in Richards fort, on the river; and, leaving the women and children in them during the day, under the protection of a few men, the others were in the habit of working upon their farms in companies, so that they might protect themselves from Indian attack. A company of men being thus engaged, during the first week in May, in a field (afterward owned by Minter Bailey) on Hackers creek, some fencing, others clearing or plowing, and being somewhat separated, they were unexpectedly fired upon by the Indians, and Thomas Hughes and

Jonathan Lowther shot down; the others, being incautiously without arms, fled for safety. Two of the number (having the Indians between them and Wests fort), fled towards Richards, as well for the preservation of their lives as to give the alarm. The inmates had, however, been apprised that the enemy was at hand. Isaac Washburn (who had been to mill the day before, on Hackers creek) when returning to Richards fort, and near to where Clements mills were afterward located, was shot from his horse, tomahawked and scalped. The finding of his body had given the alarm, and they were already on their guard before the arrival of the two men from Hackers creek. The Indians left the neighborhood without doing further mischief, and the whites were not strong enough to pursue them.

DEATH OF MRS. FREEMAN AND PURSUIT OF THE INDIANS

In June of this year, three women went out from Wests fort to gather greens in a field near by, and while thus engaged were fired upon by four Indians, who were lying in wait. Only one shot was fired, the ball passing through Mrs. Hacker's bonnet without hitting her, and the women ran for the fort, giving the alarm. An Indian in pursuit, having in his hand a staff with a spear at the end, thrust it through Mrs. Freeman, and then cleft the upper part of her head with his tomahawk and carried it off to secure the scalp. The screams of the women alarmed the men at the fort, who ran out and fired at the Indians without effect. Although not in time to save Mrs. Freeman, the firing served to warn the men, who were out, of their danger, and they quickly came in.

Jesse Hughes and John Schoolcraft, in making their way to the fort, saw two Indians standing by the fence so intently watching the proceedings that they managed to go around them and enter the fort without being discovered. Hughes, securing his gun, immediately started in pursuit, followed by Charles and Alexander West, Elias Hughes, James Brown and John Sleeth, and hearing one of the Indians howl like a wolf (a signal among the savages) answered him, and

the men proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came. Running to the top of a hill they saw two Indians coming toward them, in answer to their signal, and Hughes fired, when one savage fell, the other taking to flight. The fugitive sprang into the thick bushes, and while they ran around to intercept him, he came out by the way he had entered and escaped. The wounded Indian had in the meantime recovered his feet and made off, and although they tracked him some distance by the blood which flowed from his wound, a heavy rain commenced falling which soon obliterated the trail, and they were obliged to give up the chase.

DEATH OF CAPT. BOOTH AND CAPTURE OF CAPT. COCHRAN.

As Cpts. James Booth and Nathaniel Cochran were at work in a field on Booths creek, near the present village of Briertown, on June 16, 1778, they were surprised by a party of Indians, who fired upon them, killing Booth, and slightly wounding Cochran. The latter fled, but was soon overtaken, made prisoner, and carried off to the Indian villages in Ohio. He was soon afterward taken to Detroit, where he was sold to another tribe, and

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Capt. Booth was probably the most prominent man in the section in which he lived, a gentleman of good education and great talent and energy,

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DEATH OF GRUNDY SAD FATE OF JAMES WASHBURN.

A few days after the killing of
Booth, the same party of Indians met
Benjamin Shinn, Benjamin Washburn
and William Grundy, returning from
the head of Booths creek. As they
laid in ambush, near Baxters run, they
fired upon the whites, when Grundy
was killed, and the others made their
escape. William was a brother to Hon.
Felix Grundy, of Tennessee, whose
father was then residing at Simpsons
creek, on a farm afterward owned by
Col. Benjamin Wilson, sr. The death
of this brother was pathetically
referred to by Felix Grundy in an
eloquent speech delivered by him
several years afterward in the halls of
Congress.

Continuing on their way, the
savages discovered James Owens, a lad
sixteen years of age, who was on his
way from Powers fort, on Simpsons
creek, to Booths creek, and had just
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creek, to Booths creek, and had just
dismounted to adjust his saddle-girth;
they fired, and the ball passed
directly through him, killing both
himself and horse.

A family of Washburns, on the
West Fork, having several times
narrowly escaped from the Indians,
commenced making arrangements for
their departure. While two of them
were engaged in procuring pine-knots
from which to make wax for
shoe-making, they were discovered
and fired at by the Indians. Stephen
fell dead, and James was taken
prisoner and carried to their towns.
Upon Nathaniel Cochran's return, he
related the story of Washburn's
captivity. On the evening of the
latter's first arrival at the Indian
village, he was made to run the
gauntlet, and, although he succeeded
in reaching the council house, where
Cochran was, he was so terribly
beaten, disfigured and mutilated that
he could not be recognized by his old
acquaintances, and so stunned and
stupefied that he remained nearly all
night in a state of insensibility.

Being somewhat revived in the
morning, he approached Cochran,
sitting by the fire, who asked him if

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death, the tendons of his legs were severed by the knife of an old savage, and he sank to the earth, unable to proceed farther. Blows now fairly rained upon him, and while writhing upon the ground, in an agony of torture, his scalp was taken. Struggling to his feet, in the delirium of pain, his head was severed from his body and attached to a pole which was erected in the village.

DAVID MORGAN'S ADVENTURE

Early in the year 1779, a rumor that Indians were lurking in the neighborhood caused the inhabitants about Picketts fort to enter it for protection. Many days passed, however, yet no signs of approaching savages were discovered. Spring approached, and, although it was the season when the Indians generally commenced their depredations, it was necessary for the settlers to attend to their farm duties, which they did, during the day, returning to the fort at night. Among those who thus sought shelter was David Morgan (heretofore mentioned — a relative of General Daniel Morgan), who at this time was over sixty years of age. As he was suffering from illness, about the first of April, he sent his two children — Stephen, a youth of sixteen years, and Sarah, a girl of fourteen — to feed the cattle on his farm, which was about a mile distant, on the opposite side of the river.

learned that elapsed and the absent, and, taking he immediately to see what det a slight eminence the field where to see them as they were unobserved by keeping a close two Indians toward them. alarm would self possession cheery tone, the fort." F obedience, the the Indians, in pursuit. made his p and, giving sheltered the behind inter

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James Washburn. was unbounded, meeting with a once animated of hope. This however, soon poor fellow's ends, he was barbarities of re continued. enfeebled and self from the the old men ved with the everest blows s frequently and, when, extremity of his feet and obling before o hope but is legs were n old savage, n, unable to now fairly hile writhing n agony of was taken. the delirium red from his pole which

Unknown to their father (who supposed they would return immediately), the children took with them a lunch and resolved to spend the day on the farm, to prepare the ground for watermelons. After feeding the stock, Stephen set to work, his sister helping him in various ways, and occasionally going to the cabin, a short distance west of where they were, to wet some linen which she was bleaching.

After the children had left the fort, Morgan (whose illness increased) went to bed, and, falling asleep, dreamed that he saw Sarah and Stephen, walking about in the yard scalped. This dream caused him an unaccountable feeling of apprehension, which increased when he learned that quite a long time had elapsed and the children were still absent, and, taking with him his gun he immediately set out for the farm to see what detained them. Ascending a slight eminence which overlooked the field where they were, he rejoiced to see them safe, and merrily talking as they worked. He sat down, unobserved by them, to rest, and, keeping a close watch, he discovered two Indians stealing from the cabin toward them. Fearing that a sudden

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keeping a close watch, he discovered
two Indians stealing from the cabin
toward them. Fearing that a sudden
alarm would cause them to lose their
self possession, he called to them, in a
cheery tone, and bade them "skip for
the fort." Having been trained to
obedience, they started instantly, and
the Indians, with hideous yells, sprang
in pursuit. Morgan, at this juncture,
made his presence known to them,
and, giving up the chase, they
sheltered themselves from his bullets
behind intervening trees.

Time enough having elapsed to
assure him of the safety of the
children, and considering discretion
the better part of valor, Morgan
commenced a retreat, but found that
age and infirmity were telling upon him
and he should soon be overtaken. He
therefore suddenly wheeled, with the
intention of firing, but the savages
again sprang behind trees. Morgan
secured a like position and watched
and waited. One of the Indians stood
behind a sapling which was
insufficient to cover his body, and he
therefore threw himself behind a log
at the foot of the tree. This also
failed to entirely shelter him, and

Morgan, observing his exposed position, fired, and the ball taking effect, the savage rolled over on his back and stabbed himself twice — being disabled by the shot he desired to cheat his enemy out of the honor of dealing him his deathwound. Having thus rid himself of one of his pursuers, Morgan again commenced his flight, the remaining Indian in close pursuit. The race thus continued for about twenty rods, when, looking over his shoulder, Morgan discovered the Indian almost upon him with his gun raised; as the latter pressed the trigger, Morgan stepped quickly aside and the ball went harmlessly by. Morgan then aimed a blow at his adversary with his gun, and the latter in turn hurled his tomahawk at him, cutting off the little finger of his left hand and knocking his weapon from his grasp. They then closed, and Morgan, being a good wrestler, notwithstanding his age, succeeded in throwing the Indian. He was not strong enough to retain his position, however, and the Indian was soon on top of him, and, with a yell of triumph, commenced feeling for his knife. Fortunately for Morgan, the Indian had been attracted by the bright colors of an apron which he had found in the cabin, and had bound it about his waist over the

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After relating his adventures, Morgan retired, well-nigh exhausted, and a party of men started out to see if traces of any more could be found. On arriving where the struggle had taken place, the wounded Indian was not to be seen, but they trailed him by the blood which flowed from his side, and presently found him

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concealed in the branches of a tree. As they approached him, he greeted them appealingly with the salutation, "How do, broder," and surrendered himself into their hands. Then occurred one of those scenes which demonstrate how near akin to the brute creation mankind can appear when controlled by passion — an act as cruel, malignant and unmanly as was ever perpetrated by a savage. They tomahawked and scalped the wounded and defenseless Indian, flayed him and his dead companion, tanned their skins, and converted them into shot pouches and belts.

The above incident took place on that part of Morgan's plantation which is a short distance northeast of the residence of the late George P. Morgan. David's cabin stood near where the burying ground of the Morgan family is now situated, and his remains, with those of his family, rest within the enclosure.

About two months after this occurrence (June, 1779), as John Owens, John Juggins and Owen Owens were going to their cornfield, on Booths creek, they were attacked by Indians, who killed and scalped

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About two months after this occurrence (June, 1779), as John Owens, John Juggins and Owen Owens were going to their cornfield, on Booths creek, they were attacked by Indians, who killed and scalped the former two, but the latter escaped. A son of John Owens, who had been sent to the pasture for the horses, heard the report of the gun, and came riding along on one horse, leading the other, eager to learn the cause of the firing. He found out very suddenly, as the first intimation he received of the presence of the Indians was the whistling of the bullets that fortunately passed close by without hitting him, and, urging his horse forward, he escaped.

A WOMAN'S HEROIC ACTION

The alarm which had caused the people in the neighborhood of Picketts fort to move into it for safety, in the spring of 1779, induced two or three families to collect at the house of Mr. Bozarth, on Dunkards creek. About the first of April, when only Mrs. Bozarth and two men were in the house, the children, who had been at play, came running into the yard, declaring that "some ugly red men were coming." One of the men, going to the door to ascertain the

barring the door. The children in the yard were all killed; but the heroic exertions of Mrs. Bozarth and the wounded white man, enabled them to resist the repeated attempts of the Indians to force open the door, until a party from the neighboring settlement came to their relief.

DEATH OF NATHANIEL DAVISSON

In September of this year, Nathaniel Davisson and his brother being on a hunting expedition up Ten-Mile creek, left their camp early on the morning of the day on which they intended to return home, and, naming an hour at which they would be back, proceeded through the woods in different directions. At the appointed time, Josiah entered the camp, and, after waiting in vain for the arrival of his brother, became uneasy and set out in search of him. Unable to get trace of him, he returned home and got many of his neighbors to join him in a more extended search, which was alike unavailing. In the following March, however, his body was found by John Read, while hunting in the neighborhood; he had been shot and scalped by the Indians.

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ATTACK UPON SAMUEL COTTRAIL

The last mischief that was done during the fall of this year, in this neighborhood, was perpetrated at the house of Samuel Cottrail, near the present town of Clarksburg. During the night considerable fear was excited (both at Cottrail's and at Sotha Hickman's, on the opposite side of Elk creek, by the continued barking of the dogs), that the Indians were lurking near, and Cottrail securely fastened the doors, giving instructions that no one was to pass out of the house in the morning until it was ascertained that no danger threatened. Some time before day (Cottrail being asleep), Moses Coleman, who lived with him, got up, shelled some corn, and, giving a few ears to Cottrail's nephew (with directions to feed the pigs around the yard), went to a hand-mill, in the outhouse, and commenced grinding. The little boy, being squatted down

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The little boy, being squatted down,
shelling the corn to the pigs, found
himself suddenly drawn on his back
and an Indian standing over him,
ordering him to lie there. The savage
then turned toward the house where
Coleman was and fired, and as
Coleman fell, ran up to scalp him.
Thinking this his favorable
opportunity, the boy sprang to his
feet, and, running to the house, was
admitted. Scarcely was the door
secured, when another Indian came
up and endeavored to break it open
with his tomahawk; Cottrail fired
through the door at him, and he fled.
Cottrail then ascended to the loft,
and through a crevice espied the
savages retreating through a field, so
far distant that it was impossible to
reach them with a rifle-ball. He
continued to fire and halloo, however,
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DISASTROUS ENCOUNTER WITH THE INDIANS

Early in March, 1780, Thomas Lackey, discovered signs of Indians near the upper extremity of Tygarts valley, and hastened to inform the inmates of Haddens fort; being so early in the season, however, and the weather cold, none believed or heeded

it. On the next day, as Jacob and William Warwick, and others from Greenbrier, were about leaving the fort for their homes, it was agreed that a company of men should attend them a short distance as a matter of what was deemed by many an act of unnecessary precaution. Proceeding carelessly on their way, they were attacked by a party of Indians lying in ambush, when the men on horseback got safely off, but those on foot were less fortunate. The savages having occupied the pass above and below, those unmounted had no chance to escape but in crossing the river and ascending a steep bluff on its opposite side; in attempting this, John McLain, James Ralston and John Nelson were killed, after a brave resistance, and James Crouch was badly wounded, but escaped. Soon after this, the wife of John Gibson was killed, and their children taken prisoners.

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SIEGE OF WESTS FORT— INDIANS REPULSED

About this time Wests fort, on Hackers creek, was visited by the savages, and the inmates being too weak in numbers to successfully resist an attack, were reduced to despair, when Jesse Hughes resolved at great risk to go for assistance. Leaving the fort at night, he cautiously found his way past the sentinels, and ran with all speed to Buchannon fort, where he raised a party of volunteers who hastened to the rescue. Arriving before day, the Indians retreated at their approach, and the whole party proceeded in safety to Buchannon fort.

Two days afterward, as Jeremiah Curl, Henry Fink and Edmund West (who were all old men), and Alexander West, Peter Cutright and Simon Schoolcraft, were returning to the fort with some property which they were securing for a neighbor, they were fired upon by the Indians, who were concealed along the bank of a run. Curl was slightly wounded, but disdaining to retreat, he called out to his companions, "Stand your ground, we can whip them." At this instant, a powerful warrior rushed at him with upraised tomahawk, and

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Curl fearlessly raised his gun, but the powder being wet from the blood of his wound, it would not explode; grasping West's gun he discharged it at his assailant and brought him to the ground. The Indians then divided into two parties, and were pursued by the whites, when they hid behind trees. Alexander West shot and badly wounded one of the savages, but he was helped off by his companions. Simon Schoolcraft received a shot through his arm which would have penetrated his body had it not struck his steel tobacco box in his waistcoat pocket. Cutright espied a savage partly exposed behind a log, and with steady nerve, fired upon and severely wounded him. The balance of the Indians continued behind trees until reinforcements coming to aid the whites, they fled, and as night had by this time approached, they were not pursued. In the morning, a company of fifteen men followed their trail, and, overtaking them, secured a number of horses and a large amount of plunder which they had stolen. In the encounter John Cutright was slightly wounded.

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On the 8th of March, as William White and Timothy Dorman and his wife were going to Buchannon fort, and had come within sight of it, they were fired at by the Indians, when the former was killed, and the latter two taken prisoners. The inmates of the fort heard the firing, but could not render assistance in time, as the river lay between. The loss of West was greatly mourned, as he was one of the ablest and most active of the rangers. A consultation was held, and it was resolved to abandon the fort on account of its exposed position.

While some of the inhabitants of the neighborhood were engaged in moving their property to a fort in Tygarts valley, and to Nutters fort and Clarksburg, they were attacked by a party of savages, and Michael Hoyle and Elias Paynter fell; John Bush had his horse shot from under him, but he extricated himself and succeeded in escaping; a youth named Edward Tanner was taken prisoner.

Soon after these occurrences, a party of about thirty savages, headed by the infamous Timothy Dorman (who had turned traitor to the whites after being taken prisoner), came to attack Buchannon fort; they were too late, however, to accomplish their bloody purpose, as the settlement was deserted, and the inhabitants safe within the walls of other fortresses.

A few days after the evacuation of the fort, some of its former inmates went from Clarksburg to Buckhannon for grain that had been left there. When they came in sight, they found a heap of ashes where the old fort had been, which convinced them of the recent presence of Indians, but they continued to collect grain, and at night went to a house near the site of the fort, where they took up their quarters. In the morning early, a party of savages was seen crossing the river, with Dorman at their head, when the whites, thinking to impress the enemy with an exaggerated idea of their strength, made a hurried advance toward them and they took to the woods. The whites then entered the house and fortified it as best they could and at night George Jackson undertook the hazardous task of going

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continued to collect grain, and at night went to a house near the site of the fort, where they took up their quarters. In the morning early, a party of savages was seen crossing the river, with Dorman at their head, when the whites, thinking to impress the enemy with an exaggerated idea of their strength, made a hurried advance toward them and they took to the woods. The whites then entered the house and fortified it as best they could and at night George Jackson undertook the hazardous task of going to Clarksburg for reinforcement, which he successfully accomplished, and the party returned home with their grain.

Discouraged in not being able to accomplish anything here, the savages went on to the valley, where they met John Bush and wife, Jacob Stalnaker and his son Adam; the latter fell at the first fire, but the balance providentially escaped. The Indians then crossed the Allegheny mountains, and made an attack upon Mr. Gregg, Dorman's former master. The family all escaped but the daughter, who was taken prisoner; refusing to accompany Dorman, the heartless wretch sunk his tomahawk into her head, and then scalped her.

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MASSACRE OF THE THOMAS FAMILY

Early in the month of March, 1781, a party of Indians made a raid upon the settlements along the Monongahela, and on the night of the 5th arrived at the house of Capt. John Thomas, on Booths creek, near

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the site of the present town of
Boothsville. Elizabeth Juggins
(daughter of John Juggins, whose
murder has been previously
mentioned) was visiting at the house
at this time. When the Indians arrived,
the inmates were engaged in family
devotions, and Capt. Thomas was in
the act of repeating the lines of the
hymn, "Go, worship at Emanuel's
feet." A gun was fired from without,
and he fell, when the Indians forced
open the door, and commenced the
most dreadful tragedy that had as yet
been enacted in that neighborhood.

Mrs. Thomas implored mercy for
herself and children in vain; she was
answered with a blow from the
tomahawk in the hands of a brawny
warrior, and in a short space of time
her body and those of six of her
children lay weltering in their blood
around that of her husband. The
savages then proceeded to scalp their
victims, and, after plundering the
house, took their departure,
accompanied by one little boy as
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As soon as she saw Capt. Thomas

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neighborhood. Mrs. Thomas implored mercy for herself and children in vain; she was answered with a blow from the tomahawk in the hands of a brawny warrior, and in a short space of time her body and those of six of her children lay weltering in their blood around that of her husband. The savages then proceeded to scalp their victims, and, after plundering the house, took their departure, accompanied by one little boy as prisoner.

As soon as she saw Capt. Thomas fall, Miss Juggins threw herself under the bed, where she remained hidden during the fearful occurrence. When the savages had gone, she came out from her hiding place and found Mrs. Thomas alive, though unable to move. She asked Miss Juggins to hand her the body of her murdered infant, and begged her not to leave her, but the young lady, anxious for her own safety, took refuge for the balance of the night between two logs. In the morning she spread the alarm among the neighbors, who hastened to the scene, and found the body of Mrs. Thomas lying in the yard, whiter she had crawled and died during the night. The Indians had evidently made the place a second visit, for all that remained of the house and bodies was a heap of ashes and charred bones. After this massacre, the settlement on Booths creek was abandoned, and the settlers went to Simpsons creek for greater security.

DEATH OF A PARTY OF INDIANS DEATH OF CHARLES WASHBURN

In the month of April, 1782, as some men were returning to Cheat

river from Clarksburg (where they had been to obtain certificates of settlement rights to their lands, from the commissioners), they encountered a large party of Indians, after crossing the Valley river, and three of the whites were killed; the balance fled back to Clarksburg and gave the alarm. This was quickly communicated to the other settlements, and spies were sent out to watch for the enemy. The savages were discovered by some of these on West fork, at the mouth of Isaacs creek, and intelligence was immediately carried to the forts. Col. William Lowther collected a company of men, and going in pursiut, came within view of their encampment, just before night, on a branch of Hughes river, ever since known as Indian creek. Jesse and Elias Hughes (active and intrepid men) were left to watch the movements of the savages, while the balance retired a short distance to refresh themselves, and prepare for an attack in the morning.

Before day, Col. Lowther arranged his men in order of attack, and when it became light (a preconcerted signal having been given), a general fire was poured in upon the enemy. Five of

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Before day, Col. Lowther arranged his men in order of attack, and when it became light (a preconcerted signal having been given), a general fire was poured in upon the enemy. Five of the savages fell dead, leaving all their plunder and ammunition, and all their guns excepting one. A number of captives were thus released, but one (a son of Alexander Rony) was unfortunately killed by the fire of the whites. Deeming it imprudent to follow, Col. Lowther and party buried young Rony, and securing the horses, plunder, ammunition, etc., of the savages, returned home.

In June, some Indians came into the neighborhood of Clarksburg, and one of them (more venturesome than the rest) entered the town and shot Charles Washburn, who was chopping wood in his lot. Then rushing up, he severed his skull with the ax, took his scalp and escaped. Three of Washburn's brothers had previously been murdered by the savages.

ATTACK UPON THE CUNNINGHAM FAMILY

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David Evans, two families named Witeman, Henry Leeper, Benjamin Veach, the Halberts and others. The first three settled in the vicinity of Yellow Rockford, on the West fork; Veach settled upon a farm a short distance west of Fairmont. Jonathan Nixon (from whom those of the same family name in this section descended) located, about this time, near Boothsville. Many other families came into this neighborhood, immediately following the close of the Revolutionary war, until it became quite well populated, and no serious Indian depredations occurred here until 1785.

During this year, six Indians came upon the farm of Thomas and Edward Cunningham, on Bingamon creek, which empties into the West fork a short distance above Worthington, Marion county. The two brothers lived, with their respective families, in two separate houses which nearly adjoined each other. Thomas was east of the mountains on a trading expedition at this time and his wife and four children were engaged in eating dinner, as were also Edward and his family, in their house. Suddenly, an Indian entered the

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Worthington, Marion county. The two brothers lived, with their respective families, in two separate houses which nearly adjoined each other. Thomas was east of the mountains on a trading expedition at this time and his wife and four children were engaged in eating dinner, as were also Edward and his family, in their house. Suddenly, an Indian entered the former house, and closed the door behind him. Edward, from his cabin, observed this proceeding, and, after fastening his own door, stepped to a small window in the wall next to the other house, and stood ready to fire the moment that he caught sight of the Indian. The savage, however, saw the movement, and fired at him, without effect. The moment that he discovered that he had missed his mark, the redskin seized an ax and commenced cutting his way out of the back wall of the house, to avoid exposing himself to a fire from the other building. Another Indian at this time coming into the yard, Edward fired at and wounded him.

In the meantime, Mrs. Cunningham and her children, who were in the house with the Indian, remained perfectly quiet, hoping that he would retire without molesting them. In this she was doomed to disappointment. Having finished the opening, the savage approached the frightened group, and, sinking his tomahawk into the brains of one of the children,

threw the body into the yard and ordered Mrs. Cunningham to follow. She obeyed, holding one infant in her arms, the other two screaming and clinging to her.

After setting fire to the house, the Indian retired with his prisoners to an eminence in the adjoining field, where two of his bretheren were caring for the one who was wounded. Two others were in the yard watching for the opening of the door of Edward's house, when the fire should drive the family from their shelter. When his cabin caught fire, however, from the other burning building, Edward and his son ascended to the loft, and, throwing off the loose boards which formed the roof, extinguished the flames, the savages, in the meantime, making an ineffectual attempt to shoot them.

The Indians finally abandoned, for a time, their designs against Edward and his family, and made preparations for departure. They first tomahawded and scalped the remaining son of Mrs. Cunningham, and sank a hatchet into the head of her little daughter, whom they then took by the legs, and beat her brains out against a tree. Mrs. Cunningham and her babe were carried off into captivity. Crossing at Bingamon creek, the Indians concealed themselves in a cave until nightfall, when they returned to Edward Cunningham's and, finding no one there, they plundered and set fire to the house.

The sufferings of Mrs. Cunningham, in addition to the loss of her children, were beyond description. She was killed, soon after the attack, and most intense grief added all the sorrows which could possibly befall a woman arriving at the age of thirty. It became apparent that she was to suffer torture, and, in the end, the village, she earned a martyr's name. The stony heart was for once softened to a degree that she was conducted to Kentucky, where she was furnished with a way home, and her hardships. To her husband's grief in the loss of their children.

OTHER

In the fall of 1811, James Snow, for some time a hunter, was with a party of men who were found

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Cunningham, and sank a hatchet into the head of her little daughter, whom they then took by the legs, and beat her brains out against a tree. Mrs. Cunningham and her babe were carried off into captivity. Crossing at Bingamon creek, the Indians concealed themselves in a cave until nightfall, when they returned to Edward Cunningham's and, finding no one there, they plundered and set fire to the house.

Fearing that the Indians would renew the attack, Edward and his family had sought shelter in the woods, where they remained all night, the nearest settlement being eight miles distant. As soon as morning dawned, they proceeded to the nearest house and gave the alarm, when a company was formed to go in pursuit of the Indians. After burying the bodies of the murdered children, a search was instituted, but the wiley foe had so covered up their retreat that no traces could be found of them. It was afterward proven that the Indians were in the cave, before mentioned, when the party in pursuit were so close that the prisoner (Mrs. Cunningham) heard their voices; when they afterward thought to search this place, the savages had taken their departure.

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The sufferings of Mrs. Cunningham, in her rapid journey afoot to the Indian towns, were beyond description. Her babe was killed, soon after starting, and to the most intense anguish of mind was added all the bodily sufferings that could possibly be endured. On arriving at their place of destination, it became apparent to her that she was to suffer death by the most cruel torture, and, Simon Girty arriving in the village, she plead to him in so earnest a manner for deliverance, that the stony heart of this white savage was for once touched to such a degree that he paid her ransom. She was conducted to a station in Kentucky, whence, having been furnished with a horse, she found her way home, after experiencing many hardships. The joy of finally meeting her husband was veiled with bitter grief in the memory of the cruel fate of their children.

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OTHER INDIAN ATROCITIES

In the fall of 1786, John Ice and James Snodgrass left home to look for some horses they had lost while hunting buffalo on Fishing creek. They were killed and scalped by a party of Indians, and their remains were found several days afterward.

Soon after this occurrence, a party of Indians in passing Buffalo Creek, came suddenly upon Mrs. Dragoo and her son in a cornfield, took them prisoners, and then laid in ambush beside the path leading to the house in anticipation of the approach of others. Uneasy at the detention of Mrs. Dragoo and her son, Nicholas Wood and Jacob Straight came out to learn the cause, and were fired upon, the former being killed, and the later, after a short chase, captured. The savages then started in pursuit of Mrs. Straight and her daughter, but hearing the firing, they had so effectually concealed themselves that the Indians failed to find them. Before taking their departure, Straight was killed and scalped.

Placing Mrs. Dragoo upon a horse, they started with her and her son for the Indian towns. Soon after starting,

the horse upon which she was riding slipped and fell, and Mrs. Drago's limb was broken. This unfortunate accident cost the woman her life, for the Indians immediately tomahawked and scalped her. Her son William (a lad of about seven years of age) reached the Indian town and remained a captive for many years. Soon after the war with the savages had ceased, Drago's brother started from home to see if he could gain tidings of him, and found him, after a diligent search, among the Indians in northwestern Ohio. He had married an Indian girl (who had recently died), by whom he had four children. He would not return with his brother, but, according to his promise, he soon afterward came to Buffalo creek, bringing two of his boys with him. Here he remained, and his children received as good an education as the common schools of that time afforded.

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ONE OF LEVI MORGAN'S ADVENTURES

In the year 1787, some Indians again visited the settlement on Buffalo creek near the present town of Farmington, and came upon Levi Morgan, who was a short distance from home, engaged in skinning a wolf which he had just caught in a trap. On looking up from his occupation, he observed three savages coming toward him, one of them being mounted upon a horse which he recognized as belonging to a neighbor. Seizing his gun, he sprang behind a rock, near by, and as he did so, the Indians took refuge behind trees. Looking out from his shelter he found one of the savages exposed, and firing, with a quick aim, killed him. Attempting to reload, he found his powder gone, and took to flight. One of the remaining Indians started in pursuit, and then ensued an exciting chase. Although Morgan was a fleet runner, his pursuer gained upon him, notwithstanding the fugitive divested himself of gun and coat. His chances for saving his scalp were becoming desperate, when the natural shrewdness of the backwoodsman came to his rescue. Arriving at the summit of a hill, he

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stopped short, and, waving his arms in a frantic manner, shouted, "This way — make haste! There is only one of them!" The Indian, naturally supposing that Morgan had met some of his friends on the other side of the hill turned and made a hasty retreat, his speed accelerated by the quick-witted Morgan, who enjoying the situation, gave chase for a short distance, leading his imaginary recruits with urgent shouts. He took pains, however, to allow the savage to gain upon him, and when out of sight he returned home.

Morgan afterward attended the treaty of peace at Auglaize, and met this Indian, in whose hands he recognized his gun. He took great delight in relating to the savage how he had out-generated him, and proposed a friendly race to decide the ownership of the gun. The proposition was accepted, and the Indian was beaten. Good-humoredly passing over the weapon, he rubbed his limbs exclaiming, "Stiff and old!"

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A FATAL ERROR—MURDER OF WILLIAM JOHNSON'S CHILDREN

In September, 1787, a party of
Indians was discovered in the act of
catching some horses on the West
Fork, above Clarksburg, and a
company of men, led on by Colonel
Lowther, went immediately in pursuit
of them. On the third night the
pursued and the pursuing parties,
unknown to each other, encamped
not far apart, and early in the
morning, the fires of the former being
discovered by Elias Hughes, the
detachment which accompanied him
fired upon the Indian camp, and one
of the savages fell. The remainder
taking to flight, one of them passed
near where Colonel Lowther and the
balance of the party were; the colonel
fired at him as he ran and he fell
dead. The horses and plunder which
had been taken by the savages were
then collected by the whites and they
commenced their return home, with
too much confidence in their security.
They had not proceeded far when
two shots were unexpectedly fired at
them, one of which took effect upon
John Bonnet, who died before
reaching home.

In August, 1789, five Indians, on their way to the settlements on the waters of the Monongahela, met with two men on Middle Island creek, and killed them. Taking their horses, they continued on their route until they came to the house of William Johnson, took Mrs. Johnson and her children prisoners, plundered the house, killed part of the stock, and taking with them one of Johnson's horses, returned towards the Ohio river. At the time the Indians had arrived at the house, Johnson had gone to a lick not far off, and, upon his return in the morning, seeing what had been done, and searching until he had found the trail of the savages and their prisoners, he ran to Clarksburg for assistance. A company of men repaired with him immediately to where he had discovered the trail, and keeping it about a mile, four of the children lying dead in the woods. The savages had tomahawked and scalped them, and placing their heads close together, turned thier bodies and feet straight out, so as to represent a cross. The fate of Mrs. Johnson is unknown.

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In the spring of 1790, the neighborhood of Clarksburg was again visited by Indians in quest of plunder, who carried off several horses. They were discovered and pursued to the Ohio river, when the pursuers, being reinforced, determined to follow on over into the Indian country. Crossing the river, and ascending the Hockhocking, near the falls they came upon the camp of the savages. The whites, taking them by surprise, opened fire, which killed one and wounded others, and the remainder fled, leaving the horses in the camp. These were brought back and restored to their owners.

THE FATE OF JOHN M'INTIRE AND WIFE

As John McIntire and his wife were returning home from a visit to a neighbor, in May, 1791, they passed through the yard of Uriah Ashcraft. Soon afterward, Mr. Ashcraft was startled by the growling of one of his dogs, and hastening to the door, he espied an Indian. Closing the door, he ascended the stairs and endeavored to shoot the savage from a window, but

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A company of eleven men started shortly afterward, in pursuit of the Indians, led by Colonels George Jackson and John Haymond, who traced them as far as Middle Island creek. Here six men — William Haymond (of Palatine), George Jackson, Benjamin Robinson, N. Carpenter, John Haymond and John Halbert — were chosen to go ahead of the horses and follow the trail. They soon came upon the savages and attacked them, mortally wounding one of them. After a short encounter the Indians fled, leaving their plunder behind them, and farther pursuit was abandoned. Among the articles which they left was the scalp of Mrs. McIntire, whose body was afterward found near that of her husband.

1789, five Indians, on settlements on the Mingoahela, met with the Island creek, and of their horses, they followed until they met William Johnson, and her children at the house, killed and taking with them their horses, returned there. At the time they were at the house, a lick not far off, in the morning, had been done, and they found the trail of their prisoners, he went for assistance. A company with him where he had been and keeping it for four of the men in the woods. The bodies and scalped their heads close to the bodies and feet represent a cross. The son is unknown.

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ATTACK ON CAPT. NICHOLAS CARPENTER AND PARTY

Nicholas Carpenter, who was a
member of the first county court of
Harrison county, in 1784, was a man
of exemplary character, firm courage
and sound judgment, and in looking
over the old county records his name
will be found frequently mentioned in
connection with positions of trust. He
was one of those men who seemed to
be especially provided by Providence
for the good of these pioneer
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but his final fate was a sad one.

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It was during the month of
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Indians crossed the Ohio, and
captured a bright mulatto boy named
Frank Wycoff, belonging to Captain
Neal, of Neals Station, near the
mouth of Little Kanawha. Proceeding
on their way towards West Fork river,
they came across the trail made by
Captain Nicholas Carpenter, of

Harrison county, in driving cattle to Marietta. Supposing it to be the trail of emigrants, they followed it. Captain Carpenter and his son, with five persons accompanying them, had crossed Bull creek and encamped on a run located half a mile from the Ohio river, six miles above Marietta, which has since been called "Carpenters run." Being unsuspicious of the vicinity of the enemy, they lay down with their feet to the fire, not deeming it necessary to have one of their number as guard. At day-dawn Mr. Carpenter called up the men and was about commencing the usual morning devotions, when the Indians made the attack, and, taking them wholly by surprise, without having their fire-arms at hand, they were enabled to make little successful resistance. After firing a volley the Indians rushed upon them with the tomahawk. One of the party was killed at the first fire (Ellis, from Greenbrier county), and one (John Paul) was wounded through the hand. One of the party, named Hughes, a skilled hunter and experienced with former encounters with the savages, seized Carpenter's rifle and his own, and sprang through the woods, followed by the Indians. He fired one of the guns at his pursuers and threw it away. He was but partly dressed; his long leggins, fastened only by the belt at the top and loose below.

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INCIDENT OF

The subject of those battles was a conspicuous man among the whites and Indians, and his courage and valor were bred from his Indian blood. He was from Clarksburg, a brave man, and experienced in Indian fighting.

About one night he was at a settlement with his horses, and at daylight he was starting on his trail, and there was a party of Indians. The captain was in favor of Hughes, and he advised a near pursuit. The Indians would explain the trail and ambush there, and their captain broke

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By great effort he released himself
and hid. From his place of
concealment he witnessed the escape
of Hughes, and finally stealing away,
returned to his master. After the
affray was ended, the Indians (who
were in command of the celebrated
chief, Tecumseh, then a young man),
collected the plunder of the camp,
and retreated in such haste that they
left all the horses, which had
probably dispersed into the woods at
the first sound of attack. Isaac
Williams headed a party and made
pursuit after them, but failing to
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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE
OF JESSE HUGHES

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INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF JESSE HUGHES

The subject of this sketch was one of those bold pioneers who took a conspicuous part in the defence of the whites on the frontier against the Indians, and gained great celebrity for his courage and shrewdness. He was bred from infancy in the hot-bed of Indian warfare, and resided at Clarksburg. He was a light-built spare man, and became one of the most experienced backwoodsmen and Indian fighters of his day.

About the year 1790, some Indians one night, coming secretly upon the settlement at Clarksburg, stole some horses, and the next morning at daylight a party of twenty-five men, starting in pursuit, came upon the trail, and judged, by the appearances, there were only eight or ten of them. The captain and a majority were in favor of pursuing the trail, but Hughes was opposed to this, and advised them to let him pilot them by a near way to the Ohio, and intercept the Indians in their retreat. They would not listen to him, and he explained the danger of following the trail and exposing themselves to an ambush of the savages, who might thereby, after a destructive fire upon their pursuers, make their escape. The captain, jealous of Hughes' influence, broke up the council by exclaiming,

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"All the men may follow me; let the cowards go home," and dashed off at full speed. Hughes felt the insult, but followed with the others, and the result proved as he predicted. Two Indians in ambush, on the top of a cliff, fired and mortally wounded two of the party, while passing through a ravine, and then escaped. Now convinced of their error, they placed themselves under Hughes, but upon reaching the Ohio river, they found that the savages had crossed it. Hughes then got satisfaction of the captain by declaring that he would see who the cowards were, and calling for volunteers to follow him across the river in pursuit, they all refused. He then said he would go alone, and leave his scalp or bring one back with him. Alone he crossed the river, and the next morning came upon their camp when they were all absent hunting, except one Indian, who was left on guard. It was the work of a moment to shoot him, and with the scalp as trophy, he soon found his way back home, through seventy miles of wilderness.

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At one time, when the frequent incursions of the Indians rendered it a season of great danger, and when the inhabitants of the neighborhood were taking refuge in the forts, Hughes one morning observed a lad seated upon the ground (inside the enclosure which stood in the vicinity of where the fair grounds are now located, on the river, at the western outskirts of Clarksburg), very intently fixing his gun. "Jim," said he, "what are you going to do?" "I am going to shoot a turkey that I hear gobbling over there on the hillside; listen, and you will hear it," replied Jim. "Well," said Hughes, after distinguishing the distant sound, "you stay here; I'll go and kill it." Jim, after considerable persuasion, knowing that Hughes was an expert marksman, consented to remain and let the latter go alone, who, as he departed, promised to present him with the game. Hughes went out of the fort on the side that was farthest from the spot whence the sound proceeded, and took a course up the river, thence through a ravine, and came in on the rear. Creeping softly up as he expected he espied an Indian, seated upon a

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stump, surrounded by sprouts, gobbling and intensely watching for some one to come from the fort in quest of the supposed turkey. Before the Indian knew of his approach Hughes had shot him, and, taking his scalp went with it to the fort where Jim was waiting for his prize. Seeing no turkey, the lad impatiently exclaimed, "Now, why didn't you let me go; I could have missed it as well as yourself." "Ah, but I didn't miss it," replied Hughes, throwing the scalp into his lap, "there's your gobbler's top knot, my boy." Jim's consternation may be imagined, as he witnessed this tangible proof of his narrow escape from the certain death that would have been his portion, but for the timely interference of this keen back-woodsman.

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COL. WILLIAM LOWTHER

Henry, George and William, were the sons of Henry Low, and were English miners; for their superior skill and meritorious service, "ther" was added to their name by royal edict. William had a son Robert, who, with his wife, Aquilla (Rees) Lowther, emigrated to America in 1740, and came to the Hacker Creek settlement in 1767, accompanied by their son William, (the subject of this sketch), who was born in 1742. The latter married Sudna Hughes, (sister of Elias, Jesse, Thomas and Job, of Indian war fame), and settled on Simpsons creek in 1772. Many of their descendants are now living in Clarksburg and the surrounding country.

William Lowther became distinguished as a skilled and courageous frontiersman, and for his unselfish devotion to the good of the colonists. The population of these frontier settlements increased so rapidly, and to such an extent that the supply of provisions proved insufficient, and the year 1773 was called, in the early traditions of the section, "the starving year." Such were the exertions of William Lowther to mitigate the sufferings of the people, and so great was his success, that his name is transmitted to their descendants hallowed by their blessings. During the war of 1774,

and subsequently, he was the most active and efficient defender of the settlements in that vicinity against the savage foe, and many a successful expedition against them was commanded by him. He was one of the first justices of the peace in Harrison county, also the first sheriff of Harrison and Wood counties, and a delegate to the general assembly of the State. He also attained all the subordinate ranks in military service until promoted to that of colonel, and by his unassuming good qualities endeared himself to all with whom he became associated. He died October 28th, 1814.

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CAPTURE OF LEONARD PETRO AND WILLIAM WHITE

Previous to 1777, the inhabitants of Tygarts valley had escaped the ill-effects of the enmity of the savages, they having made no incursions into that country since its permanent settlement had been effected, previous to the war of 1774. Notwithstanding this, the settlers exercised the utmost vigilance, not knowing at what time they might be called upon to protect themselves. Spies (or rangers) were continually employed to watch the Indian paths beyond the settlements for evidence of their approach, and if found to notify the inhabitants.

In September, 1777, Leonard Petro and William White, being engaged in watching the path leading up the Little Kanawha, killed a deer late in the evening, and taking a part of it with them, withdrew a short distance for the purpose of eating their suppers and spending the night. Awaking about midnight, White discovered, by the light of the moon, that they were surrounded by Indians. Seeing the impossibility of escape, and preferring captivity to death, he whispered to Petro to lie still. The Indians sprang upon them, and White, raising himself as one lay hold of him, aimed a blow with his tomahawk, suddenly concluding that he could escape if he succeeded in disabling his

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assailant. Missing his aim, he affected
 to have been ignorant of the fact that
 he was encountered by Indians,
 professed great joy at meeting with
 them, and declared that he was on his
 way to their towns. They were not
 deceived by the artifice, for, although
 he assumed an air of carelessness and
 gaiety that was calculated to win their
 confidence, yet the rueful
 countenance of poor Petro convinced
 them that White's conduct was
 feigned. They were therefore both
 tied for the night, and in the
 morning, White being painted red, and
 Petro black, they were forced to
 proceed to the Indian towns. When
 approaching a village, the whoop of
 success brought several to meet them,
 and on their arrival, they found that
 every preparation was made for their
 running the gauntlet, in going through
 which ceremony both were much
 bruised. White, however, did not
 remain long in captivity. Eluding their
 vigilance, he took one of their guns
 and began his flight homeward.
 Before traveling far, he met an Indian
 on horseback, whom he shot, and,
 mounting the horse from which he
 fell, he succeeded in returning to the
 valley without further adventure.
 Petro was never afterward heard from.
 In painting his body black, they had
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The settlements generally enjoyed
perfect quiet from the first
appearance of winter until the return
of spring. In this interval of time, the
Indians were generally deterred from
continuing their marauding
expeditions, not only because of the
increased danger of discovery, caused
by the absence of foliage on the trees
and shrubbery, and the ease with
which they could be tracked in the
snow, but on account of the suffering
produced by their lying in wait and
traveling in their partially unclothed
condition, during this season of
frequent intense cold. In consequence
of this fact, the inhabitants greatly
relaxed their vigilance at this
season, and when, as upon rare
occasions, the Indians did make
inroads upon them, they would be
taken by surprise.

SETTLEMENT AT NEAL STATION

The first settler, probably, in Wood county was Captain James Neal, who had been a citizen of Greene county, in that portion of Pennsylvania which had been supposed to have belonged to the colony of Virginia. He had served in the Continental army as captain in the Revolutionary war, and, upon receiving his discharge, had been paid for his services in the Continental currency. In the spring of 1783, he came to this section as deputy surveyor for Samuel Hanway, surveyor of the county of Monongalia, which at that time included a large extent of country. He surveyed, for Alexander Parker, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the tomahawk entry and pre-emption right made by Robert Thornton, which Mr. Parker had purchased, of the lands on which the city of Parkersburg now stands. Captain Neal was of Irish descent; his original name was O'Neal, and for some reason, at the commencement of his services in the Continental army, he changed it to that of Neal.

In the fall of 1785, before any permanent settlements were made in the county, Capt. James Neal, with a

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Captain Neal, of Irish descent; this original name was O'Neal, and for some reason, at the commencement of his services in the Continental army, he changed it to that of Neal.

In the fall of 1785, before any permanent settlements were made in the county, Capt. James Neal, with a party of men, descended the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, with the intention of proceeding to Kentucky. Arriving at the mouth of the Little Kanawha river, they ascended it for a short distance, and liking the location, encamped on the south side, about a mile from its mouth where they remained. During the following winter they erected a block-house there which was afterward known in history as Neals Station. Between that date and 1796, several block-houses were erected in this section and in Washington county, on the opposite side of the Ohio. These houses became the rendezvous of the few inhabitants who had settled here, while the war with the Indians was in progress. The lands around Neals Station were afterward named "Monroe," in honor to James Monroe, then governor of Virginia, by Hugh Phelps, son-in-law of Capt. James Neal.

Early in the winter of 1784-5 had occurred the death of Mr. Neal's first wife, who was a daughter of Col.

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John Harden of Kentucky. By this marriage he was the father of three sons — Henry, John and James Harden — and three daughters — Hannah (who married Col. Hugh Phelps), Nancy (who married Dr. Rowell), and Catherine (who married Joseph McCoy). After clearing some land and making other improvements, in the spring of 1786 he returned to Greene county, and in the summer of that year, married his second wife, Mary Phelps, a sister of his son-in-law, Col. Hugh Phelps. Early in the spring of 1787, with his family and all his children (both single and married), he moved to the station, and they became permanent settlers. He afterward held the office of justice of the peace, was commissioned captain of the Frontier Rangers, and appointed to many positions of honor and trust. He died at his residence at Neal Station, in February, 1822, in his 85th year, and his remains were buried in what is now known as Tavenner's grave yard.

January 16, 1791, his daughter Mary was born, who was among the first white children born between Grave creek and Point Pleasant, in this State. March 25, 1811, she married Squire C. Foley, and became the mother of a large family of children. She died at her home on the place which her father had given her, two and one-half miles south ofarkersburg, September 1, 1870, in the eighteenth year of her age.

Point Pleasant, in this State. March 25, 1811, she married Scarlet G. Foley, and became the mother of a large family of children. She died at her home on the place which her father had given her, two and one-half miles south of Parkersburg, September 1, 1870, in the eighteenth year of her age.

MR WOODS' TWO BOYS KILLED

In August, 1790, a party of Indians crossed the Ohio river a short distance below Parkersburg for the purpose of destroying Neals Station, and capturing its inmates. While they were secreted in ambush a short distance up the run from the station, in the evening, two of Mr. Woods' boys, who lived in a small cabin about forty rods above the block-house (aged twelve and fifteen years), were returning home from a Saturday afternoon visit to the station. They went into the edge of the woods, on the outside of a cornfield, to look for the cows, and coming upon the Indians in their

hiding-place, about dusk, they were seized and killed with the use of the tomahawk. The Indians were fearful that the screams the boys uttered before they were dispatched, would lead to their discovery, and they therefore gave up the main object of the expedition. They waited, however, until midnight, and attempted to set fire to the block-house by inclosing a brand of fire in dry poplar bark and pushing it through a porthole. It was discovered, however, and extinguished by Mrs. Neal, who gave the alarm, and pursuit was made as quickly as possible, without avail. The distracted parents of the children, as their boys did not make their appearance, dreaded the revelations which the appearance of daylight would disclose. Their worst apprehensions were realized by the discovery of the two scalped bodies in the morning.

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MR. HEWETT TAKEN PRISONER

In May, 1792, while living at Neals Station, Mr. Hewett rose early in the morning, and left the garrison, in search of a stray horse, little expecting any Indians to be near, as none had been seen in the vicinity for some time. While traversing an obscure cattle path, about a mile from the station, three Indians suddenly sprang upon him from behind trees, and being taken unawares, he was obliged to surrender. They crossed the Ohio river below Belleville, and after reaching a locality comparatively safe from pursuit, they halted to hunt and left their prisoner in camp. They had placed him upon his back, confined his wrists with stout thongs of raw-hide, to a sapling, and his legs, raised at a considerable elevation, to another small tree. Using his great strength, he released himself soon after they were gone, and, taking two small pieces of venison, without arms, started for the Big Muskingum settlement. Although pursued by the Indians, he evaded their search, and, after nine days' wandering, came to the garrison at Wolf Creek Mills, on the Big Muskingum, nearly naked and famished. He soon recovered and returned to his family. About the

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year 1797, he removed, with his family, and settled in the Big Hocking valley, near Athens, Ohio. He was afterwards elected a trustee of Athens college.

KILLING OF HENRY NEAL AND MR. TRIPLETT

In the fall of 1792, Daniel Rowell, a son-in-law of Captain James Neal, and Mr. Neal's son Henry, accompanied by Mr. Triplett, left Neals Station and ascended the Little Kanawha forty miles in a canoe, to the mouth of Burning Springs run, now in Wirt county, on a hunting expedition. The evening on which they landed they prepared a camp, and Mr. Rowell took off the lock of his gun to examine the spring, when they heard what they supposed to be the sound of turkeys on the south side of the stream. Springing into their canoe, and thinking to secure some of them for supper, Mr. Neal and Mr. Triplett stood, while Mr. Rowell sat in the stern and paddled them quickly across. As the canoe struck the shore a fire from Indians in ambush (from whom had originated

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Rowell sat in the stern and paddled them quickly across. As the canoe struck the shore a fire from Indians in ambush (from whom had emanated the cry of the turkeys) instantly killed Neal and Triplett, whose bodies fell into the river. Mr. Rowell sprang over the stern of the canoe with his gun, and swam to the northern shore amidst a storm of bullets, the Indians pursuing him in the canoe. Upon reaching the shore, to facilitate his escape, he hid his gun (as he afterward said) under a white oak log in the Burning Spring run. From thence he went through a gap for a short distance from the river to elude his pursuers, and, changing his course, recrossed the river by swimming a few miles below where they had been surprised, and found his way to the station. Immediately raising a party, he went in pursuit of the Indians, but without avail, as too long a time had intervened, and they made good their escape. The bodies of Neal and Triplett, which were found in the river unscalped, and probably undiscovered by the Indians, were buried. It is supposed that this was the same party of Indians that was killed at Wheeling, a short time after, as they went in that direction. Daniel

Rowell and his family went from here many years since, and settled in the far west. He died at the residence of his son, Dr. Neal Rowell, in Florence, Alabama, in 1851, aged 93 years. The gun hidden by Mr. Rowell was found, in a state of preservation sufficient for recognition, in 1858 — sixty-seven years afterwards — and the remains of the white oak tree were then to be seen. The muzzle of the gun had become fast in a young dogwood, about six inches above the ground. The stock had decayed, but the barrel, trigger, guard, thimble and brass cover, on which the words "Liberty or Death" were engraved, were forwarded to Dr. Neal Rowell, at Florence, Alabama, in 1859.

brass cover, on which the words "Liberty or Death" were engraved, were forwarded to Dr. Neal Rowell, at Florence, Alabama, in 1859.

THE SETTLEMENT OF BELLEVILLE

There are few if any bottom lands in the Ohio valley that excel in richness those known as Belleville. They are located in the south part of Wood county, extending about five miles along the river, commencing about sixteen miles below Parkersburg, opposite the mouth of Big Hocking river. Lee, the largest creek in the county, and draining its southern portion, divides these lands into nearly equal parts, emptying into the Ohio. When George Washington located his lands, in 1771, he had patented to him a part of this rich bottom. When his survey was made in after years, the back lines, as called for in the patent, passed through the central part, below Lee creek. When the firm of William Tilton & Co., of Philadelphia, in 1782, located and made the entries of their large tracts of land in this county, then Monongalia, amounting to over 90,000 acres, this bottom was included in their survey by a prior patent to that of Washington's.

On a survey of James Craick, the lands were patented by George III., signed by Lord Dunmore, governor of the Colony of Virginia, December 15, 1772, "and for the consideration mentioned in a proclamation of Robert Dinwiddie, late lieutenant-governor and

became the agent, for the colonization and of Tilton, Gibbs & Co. tract at Belleville was place to commence. During the fall of the boat was built, in the direction of Mr. Wood's cattle, farming. Tilton and Mr. Scotch families several men hired Pittsburgh on this 1785, and stopping at the mouth of the river, on the way, he December 16th.

Captain Tilton landed and secured the dangers from ice a hard, dry bottom the river, for settlement. Clearing commenced, and thus obtained erected, two convenient to the usual style loop-holes for January, 1785 completed, and moved from possession of town was then and given the its lots were settlers. Captain Philadelphia, leaving the settlement Mr. Wood, as During the first were cleared, Log houses for out-houses for

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commander-in-chief of our colony and
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19, 1754, for encouraging men to
enlist in the service of our late royal
grandfather, for the defense and
security of the said colony." The
original parchment patent is now in
the possession of D. R. Neal, Esq., of
Parkersburg, who owns a part of the
land. The tract extends from opposite
Hockingport to below Belleville.

In the summer of 1785, Joseph
Wood, of New Jersey, afterward
known as Judge Wood, of Marietta,
became the agent, surveyor, etc., for
the colonization and sale of the lands
of Tilton, Gibbs & Co., and the large
tract at Belleville was selected as the
place to commence their settlement.
During the fall of that year a suitable
boat was built, and under the
direction of Mr. Wood, freighted with
cattle, farming utensils, etc. Mr.
Tilton and Mr. Wood, with four
Scotch families as emigrants, and
several men hired by the year, left
Pittsburg on this boat, November 28,
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Pittsburg on this boat, November 28, 1785, and stopping at Fort Harmar, at the mouth of the Big Muskingum, on the way, landed at Belleville, December 16th.

Captain Tilton and party having landed and secured their boat against dangers from ice and floods, selected a hard, dry bottom, on the bank of the river, for making a permanent settlement. Clearing was immediately commenced, and from the timber thus obtained a block-house was erected, twenty by forty feet, convenient to the river. It was built in the usual style of block-houses, with loop-holes for muskets. Early in January, 1786, the building was completed, and the entire company moved from the boat and took possession of their future home. A town was then laid out by Mr. Wood, and given the name of Belleville, and its lots were donated to actual settlers. Captain Tilton returned to Philadelphia, in the spring of 1786, leaving the settlement in charge of Mr. Wood, as sole manager and agent. During the first year about 100 acres were cleared, ready for cultivation. Log houses for family residences, and out-houses for stock, were erected

near the block-house, the whole being enclosed by pickets about ten feet high, securely planted in the earth, forming a regular stockade, sufficient to accommodate about 200 persons. It was in the shape of an oblong square, with a river frontage of 300 feet, and running back 100 feet. A wicket gate in front, for access to the river, and a large one at either end for the admission of teams, etc., were built with secure fastenings.

The following are among the names of the Scotch families who first came with Mr. Wood, and those who came the following spring and settled at Belleville: McDonal, Greathouse, Tabor, James Penthewer, William Ingalls, Jemerson, Andrew McCash, and two single men, F. Andrews and Thomas Gilruth. In 1787 they were joined by the following persons: Joel and Joseph Dewey, from Wyoming, Pennsylvania; Stephen Sherrod and family, from the same place; Malcolm Coleman and family, from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Peter and Andrew Anderson, from above Wheeling, Virginia. Descendants from these last named families are still living in the south part of this county and in Jackson.

In the spring of 1785, a company of trappers and hunters

Stephen Sherrod and family, from the same place; Malcolm Coleman and family, from Carlisle, Pennsylvania; Peter and Andrew Anderson, from above Wheeling, Virginia. Descendants from these last named families are still living in the south part of this county and in Jackson.

In the spring of 1785, a company of trappers and hunters from the vicinity of Wheeling, took possession of an abandoned Indian improvement of twenty acres above the mouth of Lee creek, erected a station house, and cultivated a tract in corn. It was then known as Flinn's Station. The company consisted of old Mr. Flinn, a widower, his two sons, Thomas and James, with their families; Mr. Parchment, with wife and two sons, Jacob and John; John McCessack, and John Barnett, who married a daughter of Mr. Flinn. These people, in 1787, moved down to Belleville Station, thus adding strength to the protection against the Indians, who had commenced being troublesome, stealing stock and committing other depredations.

Joseph Wood, the agent of the Tilton lands, married Miss Margaret, a daughter of James Penthewer, one of the first Belleville emigrants, in 1790. There was no one in the settlement authorized to solemnize the rites of matrimony at that time, and they

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proceeded to "Farmer's Castle," in Belpre, Ohio, where the ceremony was performed by Gen. Benjamin Tupper, a magistrate of that State. Mr. Wood resided in Marietta and vicinity, holding many positions of honor and trust until 1851, when he died, in the ninety-third year of his age.

David Lee, a hunter and trapper, some years prior to 1785, encamped upon the creek which afterward took his name, for the purpose of pursuing his calling. He continued to reside in that vicinity, and married a sister of Peter Anderson; afterward purchased and settled upon a piece of land on Tygart creek, and raised a family of five sons and three daughters. Mr. Lee was a native of Pennsylvania, and during his life here gained a wide reputation as a hunter and trapper. Many of his descendants are now residents of this section of the State.

JAMES KELLEY KILLED AND SON CAPTURED

During the fall of 1791, James Kelley, who, with his family resided at Belleville, while at work in his fields, was shot and scalped by a party of Indians. His oldest son, Joseph, who was with him, was captured and taken off by them to a Shawnee village in Ohio, where he remained until after the treaty of peace in 1795, when he was surrendered to Commander Return J. Meigs, and returned to his widowed mother, then residing at Marietta. He had been adopted by an aged Indian warrior, named Merhalenae (who had lost five sons in battle), and received great kindness at his hands; he had, in fact, become so attached to his foster-father that he parted from him with sorrow. He finally settled in Marietta, raised a large family, and became respected and beloved.

STEPHEN SHERROD TAKEN PRISONER.

Late in the spring of 1792, Stephen Sherrod left the garrison at Belleville, and after feeding his hogs, went into the woods to cut an

ox-gad. While thus engaged, he was surprised and captured by a party of ten Indians and taken away a prisoner. His wife, who was a bold and courageous woman, left the garrison a short time after, to proceed a short distance for the purpose of milking the cow, and was seized by two of the Indians who intended to make her a prisoner also. She resisted, however, with so much force, and screamed so loudly, that they struck her senseless with a blow from the tomahawk, and were about to proceed to scalp her, when a shot from the rifle of Peter Anderson, who had been attracted from the garrison by her cries, wounded the Indian in the arm, causing him to hastily retreat. Joshua Dewey immediately proceeded in a light canoe to Marietta, thirty miles away, returning in forty hours with Dr. Jabez True. Mrs. Sherrod, who was gashed in the head in a shocking manner by the blow from the tomahawk, soon recovered under his treatment. The garrison at this time contained by five men, and it was therefore considered unsafe to pursue this party of Indians. Mr. Sherrod's captors crossed the Ohio on a raft, at the narrows above Belleville Bottom, and proceeded up the valley of the Big Hocking. Five Indians marched before the prisoner

and his son James Ryan Belleville, on the purpose Descending the mouth Jackson camp upon miles up, night, after hunting. passed very good success nearly filled meat. In the creek prevent the over the lying, and been fine, light fall Elijah Pix for a supper upon the departure very early anxiously invoking sharp crack shot passed. Before collected followed through the side

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MILL CREEK TRAGEDY

In the month of February, 1793, a party composed of Malcolm Coleman

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and his son John, Elijah Pixley and James Ryan, left the garrison at Belleville, on a hunting expedition for the purpose of procuring meat. Descending the Ohio in a pirogue, to the mouth of Mill creek (now in Jackson county), they established a camp upon that stream, about four miles up, where they retreated at night, after spending the day in hunting. Several days were thus passed very pleasantly, and, having good success, the pirogue was soon nearly filled with venison and bear meat. In the meantime, the water in the creeek had fallen so low as to prevent them from getting the boat over the falls, above which they were lying, and the weather, which had been fine, suddenly set in cold, with a light fall of snow. John Coleman and Elijah Pixley returned to the garrison for a supply of flour and salt, and upon the third morning after their departure, Malcolm Coleman arose very early and prepared breakfast, anxiously awaiting their return. While invoking a blessing on their meal, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a shot passed through his shoulder. Before his thoughts could be collected, the shot was quickly

was gashed in the manner by the Comahawk, soon treatment. The contained by five fore considered party of Indians. s crossed the narrows above proceeded up Hocking. Five the prisoner ds being tied , and in this along until ed him that man at the s still tied, ie down at le they laid , from head which they on as their that they he quietly ed himself d hastened e river for crossing it the Ohio ning, he once went

for a supply of flour and salt, and upon the third morning after their departure, Malcolm Coleman arose very early and prepared breakfast, anxiously awaiting their return. While invoking a blessing on their meal, the sharp crack of a rifle was heard, and a shot passed through his shoulder. Before his thoughts could be collected, the shot was quickly followed by another, which passed through his head, and he fell dead by the side of his companion, James Ryan, who made his escape from the Indians and returned to the garrison. On that day, Joshua Dewey made a journey to the camp, and upon his arrival at the spot, to his horror, found his old friend murdered, scalped and stripped of his clothing, and the camp plundered. Hastening back, he was the first to carry the painful intelligence to the garrison. A party of seven men at once proceeded to the camp in a canoe, but the Indians had taken the pirogue, loaded with the camp equipage, and effected a safe retreat, and after interring the remains of Mr. Coleman on the spot where he fell, they returned. The loss of this active and earnest Christian man was for a long time deeply mourned in the community.

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In the summer of 1791, a small garrison of Virginia troops was stationed at Belleville and one at Parkersburg, under the direction of

Col. Clendenin, to aid in the protection of settlers from Indian depredations.

MURDER OF THE FAMILY OF JOHN ARMSTRONG

Mr. Armstrong was a native of Pennsylvania, and moved with his family to Ohio in the autumn of 1793, residing in the block-house of Isaac Barker, a little above the head of Blennerhassett Island. He soon became interested, with Peter Mixner, in the small floating mill which was anchored in the current at the head of the island, near the Virginia shore. For convenience, they concluded to build for each of them a cabin on the Virginia side, a short distance above the mill, and move their families over. This was done, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mrs. Armstrong, who greatly feared the Indians. The close proximity of the garrison, on the opposite side of the river, and the block-house on the island, a short distance below, was deemed by the men to be a sufficient safeguard. After a time, for some reason, Mixner abandoned his first cabin, leaving it standing, and built another, about one hundred yards above, in the midst of the trees, where he removed his family. There

Virginia side, a short distance from the mill, and move their families over. This was done, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of Mrs. Armstrong, who greatly feared the Indians. The close proximity of the garrison, on the opposite side of the river, and the block-house on the island, a short distance below, was deemed by the men to be a sufficient safeguard. After a time, for some reason, Mixner abandoned his first cabin, leaving it standing, and built another, about one hundred yards above, in the midst of the trees, where he removed his family. There was very little ground yet cleared, but Mr. Armstrong fenced a portion of this, in which he placed a sow and pigs, generally keeping them confined in a pen near the house.

On the night of the 24th of April, 1794, he was awakened by the barking of this faithful watch-dog, and from the fact that a bear had, a few nights before, attempted to carry off a pig, he supposed that the old marauder had returned. Without stopping to clothe himself, he seized his rifle, unbarred the door and rushed to the aid of his dog, which was barking at some object which, owing to the darkness, he failed to recognize. Approaching nearer, he was able to discover three or four Indians, upon whom he instantly fired, rushed back to the house (giving the alarm as he ran), and barred the door. He hastened to the loft where three of

The Indians in and scalped the two younger the loft, Jere old), John (a girl of fourteen away as prisoner

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the larger children slept (the two smaller ones, with the infant, lodging with himself and wife in the room below). The Indians, with a heavy rail, soon burst open the door and took possession of the house, and Mr. Armstrong, finding that it was impossible to make any successful resistance to protect his family, forced his way through the loose shingles of the roof, and jumping to the ground unseen by the Indians, hastened to the mill, where his two eldest boys, who aided in tending it, were sleeping. While the savages were breaking open the door, Mrs. Armstrong, with her infant in her arms, attempted to escape by climbing out through the low, unfinished chimney, which was made of logs, but, missing her footing, she fell back, breaking her leg in the fall. The Indians immediately tomahawked and scalped her, with the infant and two younger children, and finding in the loft, Jeremiah (about eight years old), John (aged ten), and Elizabeth (a girl of fourteen), they took them away as prisoners.

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(a girl of fourteen), they took them
away as prisoners.

Mixner, in the meantime, hearing
the report of a gun and the noise at
Armstrong's cabin, came out to
ascertain the cause, and hearing that
they were Indians, called up his wife.
Mrs. Mixner having been a prisoner
among the Wyandots, understood the
language, and listening intently to the
conversation of the savages, as they
stood in the darkness, she heard them
speculating as to where the family
who had occupied the empty house
could be. Mr. Mixner then lost no
time in hastening them into his canoe
and, paddling out into the river,
floated silently by the desolate home
of his unfortunate neighbor,
undiscovered.

Landing his family on the island,
he gave the alarm about the same
time that Armstrong did, and early in
the morning, as soon as it was light
enough to see, a party went to the
scene of the past night's adventure
and brought the remains across the
river and buried them. The noble dog,
with his lower jaw nearly severed by a
blow from a tomahawk, in his

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encounter with an Indian, was found faithfully watching over the dead. A party of twenty men from the island and Farmers Castle, went in pursuit of the Wyandots, whom they afterward ascertained were about twenty in number, and had been out on a marauding expedition in the vicinity of Clarksburg. Their trail was followed to where they raised their sunken canoes, whence they crossed the Ohio to the Big Hocking, up which they pushed their boats for several miles, when they left them and traveled by land. The party in pursuit ascertained by the prints of the children's feet in the mud that they were yet alive, and fearing to jeopardize their lives by following them they returned down the stream in the bark canoes left by the Indians.

The children were adopted into different families, upon their arrival at the Wyandot towns. Jeremiah, the youngest, whose life had been spared at the earnest solicitation of a young warrior of the party, was adopted by the celebrated chief, Crane, who was kind-hearted, and became attached to him. A portion of the time of his captivity was spent where the city of Columbus now stands, which tract was claimed by this tribe. In after years he kept a tavern in that city, and subsequently resided in Havana, Licking county, Ohio. He and John were released at the close of the war, which occurred a little over a year after their capture. Elizabeth, several years afterward, married a man named Dobson, and settled near Malden, Upper Canada.

For the purpose of aiding in safety and defense of the settlers, the House of Burgesses Virginia commissioned a number of rangers or spies, whose duty it was to discover and trace the course of Indians in their raids, give warning to the best of their ability, those thus employed was Williams, who spent his last year as citizen of this county. He was of Chester county, Pennsylvania, born 16, 1737, and when quite a child his parents moved with him to Winchester, Virginia, where he grew up to young manhood, distinguished by his fondness and appetite for the chase and hunting. At the age of 16 he was appointed by the Colonial government of Virginia a ranger, to watch the movements of the Indian frontier. In this capacity he served the State in the disastrous campaign of Braddock, in 1754. He was one of the rangers who guarded the first convoy of powder and ammunition to Fort Mifflin after it had been captured by the British. Forbes, of Pennsylvania, in 1758, changed its name to Fort Mifflin. At that time the western part of Pennsylvania was supposed to be under the control of the colony of Virginia, but the final completion of the Mason and Dixon line was not until 1763, when it was ceded to that State.

The ten years following his appointment by him in hunting and trapping the Ohio and Mississippi and their tributaries. He was with his parents over the mountains to Winchester, in 1768, and settled on Buffalo creek, near what is now Brooke

Columbus now stands, which tract was claimed by this tribe. In after years he kept a tavern in that city, and subsequently resided in Havana, Licking county, Ohio. He and John were released at the close of the war, which occurred a little over a year after their capture. Elizabeth, several years afterward, married a man named Dobson, and settled near Malden, Upper Canada.

ISAAC WILLIAMS, THE NOTED SPY AND HUNTER

The pioneers of this section of country were especially noted for their courage, hardihood and generous hospitality. They were ever ready to extend to the traveler a hearty welcome to their rude cabins or their hunter's camps in the forest, and share with them anything which they might contain. Toils, privations and common dangers became a bond of attachment between them.

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of the Mason and Dixon line gave it
to that State.

The ten years following were spent
by him in hunting and trapping on
the Ohio and Mississippi rivers and
their tributaries. He conducted his
parents over the mountains from
Winchester, in 1768, and settled them
on Buffalo creek, near West Liberty,
in what is now Brooke county, West
Virginia. He accompanied Ebenezer
and Jonathan Zane, in 1769, in their
expeditions around Wheeling,
Zanesville and other locations west of
the mountains, and by other hunting
and trapping excursions became
thoroughly acquainted with the
topography of the Ohio river and its
tributaries, and entered several
tomahawk rights, which he sold. In
1774, he accompanied Gov. Dunmore,
in his expedition against the
Shawnees, then at war with the
colonies, under the leadership of the
great chieftain Cornstalk and was with
him when he concluded the treaty of

peace near Chillicothe, after the battle of Point Pleasant, that year, in which the Colonial forces under Gen. Lewis were engaged.

In 1775 he met and married Mrs. Rebecca Martin, at Grave creek, whose former husband had been killed by the Indians on Big Hocking, in 1770. She was the daughter of Joseph Tomlinson, born at Wills creek, on the Potomac, Maryland, February 14, 1754. In 1771 she accompanied her two brothers, Samuel and Joseph, to Grave creek on the Ohio river, and for several years continued as their housekeeper. In 1783 her brothers, while engaged in trapping near the mouth of the Big Muskgum, preempted for her 400 acres of land on the opposite side of the Ohio, in Virginia, and cleared four acres, on which they raised a crop of corn and built a cabin that year. This land afterward became very valuable, owing to the fertility of the soil.

Muskum, preempted for his own use, the
acres of land on the opposite side of
the Ohio, in Virginia, and cleared four
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corn and built a cabin that year. This
land afterward became very valuable,
owing to the fertility of the soil.

Williamstown now occupies a
part of it, and the balance has been
divided into farms, which are in a
high state of cultivation.

Fort Harmar having been
established at the mouth of the
Muskingum river, and garrisoned by
the United States troops, Isaac
Williams arrived with his family and
settled on this tract belonging to his
wife, March 24, 1787. Soon after
their arrival, their only child, a
daughter, was born, whom they
named Drusilla. This daughter married
John G. Henderson, who came to
Wood county in 1797, in company
with Robert Triplett.

Mr. Williams, after his arrival here,
discontinued his hunting and trapping
expeditions, excepting as a recreation,
and devoted his attention almost
entirely to the cultivation and
improvement of his farm. He
succeeded in making it one of the
most productive and attractive places
in the country, and his mansion
became far-famed as a place of
pleasant resort for his neighbors and
friends, and strangers were treated
with the most generous hospitality.

His disposition is fairly illustrated
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the Ohio Company began to suffer from the want of food, and were reduced nearly to the verge of starvation, and corn, from its scarcity, became a great luxury, Mr. Williams, by his industry, had laid by an abundance. Speculators, eager to take advantage of the necessities of the distressed people, and anxious to turn an honest penny, offered him one dollar and a quarter per bushel for all he had to spare, and urged upon him to set a price, intimating that he could demand of them nearly any price he chose. But he turned from them with indignation, and sent them off without a bushel. With the exception of a scant supply for his own use, this corn was divided among needy applicants, whose empty purses were no bar to their obtaining what they needed, and when able to pay only fifty cents per bushel would be accepted. The reader can, perhaps, imagine the amount of relief caused by this generous act, to the scores of hungry settlers, who had been almost starved, trying to subsist on mouldy corn, which had been hard to obtain at as high as two dollars per bushel. The position which Mr. Williams held in the hearts of the people was one to

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The position which Mr. Williams held
in the hearts of the people was one to
be envied. It is sufficient to say of his
wife that she emulated him in his
kindly acts. This modern "Isaac and
Rebecca" rivaled their scriptural
namesakes in noble deeds. Many years
before his death Mr. Williams
liberated all his slaves, six or eight in
number, and by his will left valuable
tokens of love and good feeling for
the oppressed and despised African.
He died September 25, 1820, aged
eighty-four years.

For many years during his early
manhood Mr. Williams served as a
ranger and spy, and by his skill,
accompanied by his generous and
courageous qualities, gained a national
reputation, had few equals and no
superiors. An interesting volume
might be written of his life and
adventures. In his dangerous
expeditions against the Indians he was
the frequent companion of Lewis
Wetzel, Kerr, and other noted rangers.
His remains, with those of his family,
lie buried in a beautiful spot upon the
plantation. Upon the death of Mrs.
Williams this place descended by

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desire to John A. Kinnard, who had married Mary Tomlinson, the sixth child of Joseph and Elizabeth Tomlinson, of Grave creek, a niece of Mrs. Williams. Mr. Kinnard, with his young wife, settled upon the farm in 1807. He filled, during his life, many positions of trust, and died at Parkersburg, May 2, 1850, in his seventy-third year. His wife died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Gardner, in Parkersburg, March 16, 1873, aged eighty-seven.

ONE OF BIRD LOCKHART'S INDIAN ADVENTURE

In the autumn of 1793, Mr. Williams had been sick, but recovering

execution, however, in his powerful grasp, and with it he could hit a small object at 100 yards with certain accuracy.

At the breaking out of the Indian war, he lived with his wife and four children, on what was afterward known as Blennerhassett island. Having become widely celebrated as an expert hunter, he was induced to go to Farmers Castle, below Belpre, to reside, for the purpose of supplying the settlers with game. The near proximity of the Indians never deterred him from hunting in the forest, and if an alarm was given while he was inside the garrison, of the approach of the savage, he would take his trusty rifle and sally out into the woods, to watch their motions and try and obtain a shot at one of them. He claimed that he could be of more assistance in this way, and felt freer and more at home when behind a tree, fighting Indians, than when confined behind the shelter of a block-house. He soon tired of garrison life, however, and late in the fall of 1793, started all alone upon a hunting expedition, penetrating about twenty miles into the territory occupied by the Indians as their best hunting grounds. He was gone fully three months, returning the latter part of February, with his canoe heavily and richly laden with valuable skins and spoils which he had captured in his successful encounters with the Indians, including various silver ornaments,

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DEATH OF CHARLES KELLY AND OTHERS

When information of the hostile deportment of the Indians, in 1774, reached Williamsburg, Col. Charles Lewis sent a messenger with the intelligence to Capt. John Stuart, requesting him to apprise the inhabitants on the Greenbrier river that an immediate war was anticipated, and to send out scouts to watch the warrior's path beyond the settlements. The captain thereupon used the utmost vigilance to prevent

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the re-enactment of those scenes which had been previously witnessed on Muddy creek and in the Big Levels, but it could not avail to altogether repress them. In the course of the preceding spring, some few had commenced making improvements on the Kanawha river, below the Great falls, and some land adventurers had begun to examine and survey the adjacent country. To these men, Capt. Stuart dispatched an express, informing them of the re-opening of Indian hostilities, and advising them to remove to a place of greater security. When this express arrived at the cabin of Walter Kelly, twelve miles below the falls, Capt. John Field, of Culpepper (who had been in active service during the French war, and was then engaged in making surveys), was there with a young Scotchman and a negro woman. Kelly immediately sent his family to Greenbrier, under the care of a younger brother, but Capt. Field, deeming the apprehension groundless, determined to remain with Kelly, the Scotchman and negro woman also remaining.

Soon after the family had left the cabin, and while yet within hearing distance of it, a party of Indians approached, unperceived, and came near Kelly and Field.

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distance of it, a party of Indians
approached, unperceived, and came
near Kelly and Field, who were
engaged in drawing leather from a
tan-trough in the yard. The first
intimation of their approach was the
discharge of several guns, when Kelly
fell. Field then ran briskly toward the
house in quest of his gun, but
recollecting that it was unloaded,
sprang into a cornfield, which
screened him from the observation of
the Indians, who, supposing that he had
taken shelter in the house, rushed
into it. Here they found the
Scotchman and negro woman, the
latter of whom they killed; and,
making prisoner of the young man,
returned and scalped Kelly.

When Kelly's family reached the
Greenbrier settlement, they reported
having heard the firing of guns in the
direction of their home, and
expressed their apprehension of the
danger to those they left behind.
Capt. Stuart thereupon assembled a
number of volunteers and started to
their relief. They had not gone far
before they met Capt. Field, whose

clothes were almost entirely torn off from him, and who was nearly exhausted from hunger and fatigue, caused by his flight of eighty miles through the thick underbrush. Considering it useless to proceed farther, the party returned.

A few weeks afterward, another band of Indians came to the settlement on Muddy creek, and meeting a daughter of Walter Kelly, who was out walking with her uncle, near the house (which had been converted into a temporary fort), they fired upon them when the latter was killed, and the young lady, being overtaken in her flight, was carried off into captivity.

BATTLE NEAR POINT PLEASANT,
AND AFTER.

was overtaken in her flight, was carried off into captivity.

BATTLE NEAR POINT PLEASANT, AND ATTACK ON FORT DONNELLY

The Shawnees had determined to avenge the death of their Sachem Cornstalk, and in the spring of 1778, a small band of them made their appearance near the fort at Point Pleasant, when Lieut. Moore was dispatched, with a few men, to drive them off. The Indians commenced retreating, and the lieutenant, fearing they would escape, ordered a quick pursuit. He did not proceed far before he fell into an ambuscade; he and three of his men were killed at the first fire, and the rest of the party saved themselves by a rapid flight to the fort.

In the following May, an attempt was made to repeat this operation, and a party of Indians again came within view of the fort, but Capt. McKee (who was at that time in command) forbore to detach any of his men to go in pursuit of them. Disappointed in their expectations, the Indians suddenly arose from their covert and presented an unbroken line, extending in front of the fort from the Kanawha to the Ohio river. The garrison at this time was small, owing to the absence of Capt. Arbuckle's company; the Indians demanded a surrender, which proposition Capt. McKee asked until morning to consider, and the night was spent in bringing a supply of water from the river and making other preparations for defence. In the

disastrous combat to the people Capt. McKee undertake the passing by the Donnelly's (t) and give the Phillip H themselves as to save the were imm disguised as squaw," a perilous journey day with gr detour, the Meadow Donnellys on, at suns

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 squaw," Cornstalk's sister, who
 remained attached to the whites,
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 brother and nephew, Ellinipsica), and
 acted as interpreter at the fort. The
 Indians immediately commenced the
 attack, and for a week kept the
 garrison closely besieged, when, failing
 to accomplish their object, they
 collected all the cattle they could
 find, and proceeded up the Kanawha,
 toward the Greenbrier settlement.

Appreciating the danger and the
 disastrous consequences of a surprise
 to the people of that community,
 Capt. McKee called for volunteers to
 undertake the hazardous enterprise of
 passing by the Indians to Col. Andrew
 Donnelly's (then the frontier house)
 and give the alarm. John Pryor and
 Phillip Hammond expressed
 themselves as willing to risk their lives
 to save the people of Greenbrier, and
 were immediately painted and
 disguised as Indians by the "grenadier
 squaw," and started upon their
 perilous journey. Traveling night and
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The intelligence was immediately
spread through the neighborhood, a
messenger was sent to Capt. John
Stuart, water and supplies were
carried into the fort, and every
possible arrangement made for the
reception of the enemy. Early the
next morning John Prichet (a servant
to Col. Donnelly) went into the yard
for some firewood, and was instantly
killed by a rifle shot. Two Indians
then ran into the yard and tried to
force open the kitchen door, but it
was secured by Hammond and
Pointer, who were on guard. The
savages then commenced cutting the
door in pieces with their tomahawks,
and Hammond, finding they would
soon succeed, threw it suddenly open,
killed one Indian on the threshold,
and discharged his musket, heavily
loaded with swan shot, into the dense
crowd of savages congregated there,
who fell back in dismay, and the door
was again secured. The men in the

house (who were asleep at the opening of the attack) were by this time aroused, and commenced a rapid fire from the openings in the second story, when the enemy retired to a safe distance. A number of Indians, however, had succeeded in getting under the floor and attempted to gain admittance by raising up the puncheons, of which it was made; in this they were quickly aided by the whites, who tore up a part of the floor and succeeded in killing several of the savages before they could escape.

When the intelligence of the approach of the savages reached Capt. Stuart, Col. Samuel Lewis was with him, and they both exerted themselves to collect the inhabitants into the fort where Lewisburg now stands. Having succeeded in this, two scouts were sent to Donnelly's to ascertain what was transpiring, who soon returned and gave information of the Indian attack there. Volunteers were then called for, and in a brief space of time, a company of sixty-six brave men were marching by the most direct route to the relief of the Donnelly fort, under the leadership of Col. Lewis and Capt. Stuart. By approaching the fort at the rear, they escaped an ambushade that had been laid by the savages in anticipation of

ascertain what soon returned and gave information of the Indian attack there. Volunteers were then called for, and in a brief space of time, a company of sixty-six brave men were marching by the most direct route to the relief of the Donnelly fort, under the leadership of Col. Lewis and Capt. Stuart. By approaching the fort at the rear, they escaped an ambushade that had been laid by the savages in anticipation of the arrival of reinforcements, and, creeping through a field of rye, they made a rush for the house, amid a storm of bullets from the enemy (who discovered them when they broke cover), and were soon safely within the walls. The Indians then renewed the attack, continuing until dark, when they retreated, dragging off their slain.

In this encounter, only four of the whites were killed, while it was known that the enemy lost over thirty. The garrison numbered twenty-one, before the reinforcements came, and these men had sustained the brunt of the battle against an attacking party of over two hundred. This fairly illustrates the want of good generalship on the part of the Indians, and the excellent judgment and bravery of the pioneers. Nearly all the successful attacks of the Indians were made upon isolated and defenceless families, or upon small settlements, when they were enabled

purpose of ascertain inhabitants

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to take them by surprise. On the morning after the Indians departed, Capt. Hamilton went in pursuit of them with seventy men, but, following two days without apparently gaining upon them, the chase was abandoned.

OTHER DEPREDATIONS IN THE VALLEY

After this attack on Donnelly's fort, the Indians attempted no more mischief in the Greenbrier country for about two years. The fort at Point Pleasant guarded the principal pass to the settlements on the Kanawha, in the levels and on Greenbrier river, but in the spring of 1780, when preparations were being made for an attack against the whole border country, a party of savages was dispatched to this section for the purpose of rapine and murder, and to ascertain the facilities of the inhabitants to resist invasion.

This party consisted of twenty-two warriors, and their first act of atrocity was at the house of Lawrence Drinnan, a few miles above the Little

transpiring, who gave information there. Volunteers and in a brief space of sixty-six days by the most relief of the leadership of St. Stuart. By the rear, they that had been anticipation of movements, and, of rye, they house, amid a the enemy when they soon safely Indians then continuing until ed, dragging

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This party consisted of twenty-two warriors, and their first act of atrocity was at the house of Lawrence Drinnan, a few miles above the Little Levels, where Henry Baker was killed near the river. Mr. Drinnan dispatched a servant to spread the alarm, who collected twenty men, two of whom were killed, as they were proceeding toward Drinnan's, by the savages, who lay in ambush awaiting them. The Indians then proceeded to the house of Hugh McIver, whom they killed, and made his wife prisoner. Meeting John Prior with his wife and child, the former was killed and the latter two taken prisoners, and probably murdered, as they were never afterward heard from. The other victims in the neighborhood were a man named Monday and his wife, who were slain, and Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Thomas Drinnan and a child, who were taken prisoners. These were the last outrages committed by the Indians in the Greenbrier settlements.

ENLEN'S LEAP

In the spring of 1788, Benjamin Enlen, who was at that time insane, was out hunting in the woods below

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Point Pleasant, when he was discovered and pursued by an Indian. Throwing away his elegant silver-mounted rifle, in order to gain time by arresting the attention of the Indian (who stopped to pick it up), he used his utmost exertions in running; and unexpectedly came to a precipice, over which he fell headforemost through a buckeye tree, striking a branch which turned him over, and he landed upon his feet unhurt, although the fall was fifty-three feet. Blindly rushing in his excitement toward the river he leaped another precipice twelve feet in height, and escaped. The scene of this occurrence is within sight of the town of Point Pleasant, and of steamers passing along the Ohio river.

this occurrence is within sight of the town of Point Pleasant, and of steamers passing along the Ohio river.

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THE VAN BEBBER

MURDER OF RHODA VAN BEBBER

A few years after the close of the Revolution, a daughter of Capt. John Van Bebber, named Rhoda, aged seventeen, and Joseph Van Bebber, a lad of thirteen, a brother of Capt. Jesse and John Van Bebber, had crossed over in a canoe one morning, to the west side of the Ohio, opposite Point Pleasant, on an errand to Rhoda's father, then living temporarily in a house on that side of the stream, when a party of Indians suddenly made their appearance. Dave, a black man belonging to Capt. Van Bebber, gave the alarm and rushed into the house. The Indians attacked the house, but were driven off by Dave and Capt. Van Bebber, with the loss of two or three of their number. Joseph and Rhoda, in their terror, hastened to the canoe, whither the Indians pursued them, killed and scalped the young lady, and took Joseph a prisoner to Detroit. Rhoda's scalp the Indians divided into two, and sold them to the Indian traders at Detroit for thirty dollars each; the object in purchasing them was to encourage the savages in their incursions, so as to prevent a settlement of the country by the whites, and thus monopolize the Indian trade. Joseph afterward stated

In the autumn Mathias Van Bebb and Jacob, aged out a short distance Pleasant, with a were waylaid by was leading the was a short distance rifle across his Indians fired two One of the balls eye, and rendered blind; he sprang into a gully. hearing the report and three of pursuit. Mathias sprang up and remaining Indian Mathias brought aim, the Indian former took escaped into after a close caught the active, would fort had his large. The Indian the Ohio was a sprightly his age, and with him, the first night they took him sang to him, head to head at their to

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that the barrel into which the scalps
 were thrown was filled with these
 horrid trophies. He remained with
 the Indians two years, during which
 he learned their language and acted
 as interpreter between them and the
 traders. He at length made his
 escape, and lived with a trader until
 after Wayne's victory, when he
 returned home. While at Detroit, he
 became acquainted with the
 notorious Simon Girty, then a
 British pensioner for services in the
 Revolution. He said Girty was an
 affable man, but extremely
 intemperate. Girty denied to him
 that he was the instigator of the
 death of Col. Crawford; but that he
 went so far to save him that his
 own life was in danger.

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In the autumn of 1788 or '89,
Mathias Van Bebber, aged eighteen,
and Jacob, aged twelve years, were
out a short distance from Point
Pleasant, with a horse, when they
were waylaid by four Indians. Jacob
was leading the horse and Mathias
was a short distance ahead with a
rifle across his shoulders, when the
Indians fired two guns at Mathias.
One of the balls struck him over the
eye, and rendered him momentarily
blind; he sprang to one side and fell
into a gully. The boy, Jacob, on
hearing the report of the guns, fled,
and three of the Indians went in
pursuit. Mathias, in the meantime,
sprang up and took to a tree, the
remaining Indian doing the same.
Mathias brought up his gun to an
aim, the Indian dodged, and the
former took the opportunity and
escaped into the fort. The Indians,
after a close chase of half a mile,
caught the lad, who, being very
active, would have escaped into the
fort had his moccasins not been too
large. The Indians retreated across
the Ohio with their prisoner, who
was a sprightly little fellow, small of
his age, and the Indians, pleased
with him, treated him kindly. On
the first night of their encampment
they took him on their knees and
sang to him, and he turned away his
head to conceal his tears. On arriving
at their town, while running the

gauntlet between the children of the place, one Indian boy, much larger than himself, threw a bone which struck him on the head. Enraged by the pain, Jacob drew back and running with all his force butted him over, much to the amusement of the Indian warriors. He was adopted into an Indian family where he was used with kindness. on one occasion his Indian father whipped him, though slightly, which affected his Indian mother and sister to tears. After remaining with the Indians about a year, he escaped, and for five days traveled through the wilderness to his home. When he had arrived at maturity, he was remarkable for his fleetness. None of the Indians who visited Point Pleasant could ever equal him in that respect.

fleetness. None of the Indians who visited Point Pleasant could ever equal him in that respect.

LAST INDIAN INCURSION

The last incursion made by the Indians into this section was in May, 1791, when a party of eighteen whites were attacked by about thirty Indians at a point on the Ohio river about one mile north of the fort at Point Pleasant. The whites were defeated. Michael See and Robert Sinclair were killed and Thomas Northrop Hampton and a black boy belonging to See were borne off prisoners. William See, son of Michael See, was born in the fort at Point Pleasant the same evening that his father was killed. The black boy never returned; he became an Indian chief and took part with the friendly Indians against the British during the war of 1812-14. William went as a volunteer with Mason County Riflemen to the Northwest in 1813, and there met the colored chief, with whom he became acquainted, and was informed by him that the Indian who shot his father at Point Pleasant twenty-two years before was still living, and then in the immediate vicinity, but very old and totally blind. See desired to be shown him, but the chief, fearing that he would avenge the death of his father, refused to reveal his whereabouts.

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CAPTURE OF THE MISSES TYLER

About the year 1792 there resided within the fort at Point Pleasant, a family of the name of Tyler, in which were two young ladies. It was customary at that time to put bells upon the cows and permit them to graze without the stockade, into which, however, they were driven at night. One evening in the autumn of the year, these ladies left the fort for the purpose of driving in the cows, and hearing the bells on the hill in the rear of the fort, they proceeded in the direction from which the sound came until they reached the summit of the hill, when several Indians, who had taken the bells from the cows and were using them as a decoy, rushed upon the ladies and made them prisoners; and, having cut the skirts from their dresses that they might travel the more rapidly, at once began the long and tedious journey to Detroit, where shortly after their arrival, the younger died of a broken heart. The elder remained a prisoner until after Wayne's treaty in 1795, when she was married to a French trader in Canada, after which she returned to Point Pleasant and spent six months with her friends, then bidding all a final adieu, she departed to again join her husband, who awaited her arrival at Detroit, from which place they removed to Montreal, where she died at an advanced age.

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with her friends, then bidding all a
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join her husband, who awaited her
arrival at Detroit, from which place
they removed to Montreal, where she
died at an advanced age.

THOMAS TEAYS

Among the earliest settlers who
entered land in the valley was
Thomas Teays, who located no less
than twenty-seven thousand acres, in
which tract nearly the entire region
now known as Teays valley was
embraced. This valley was named
from its first owner, and is the best
agricultural land in Putnam county.
While Mr. Teays and his party were
surveying his lands, one evening after
they had gone into camp and were
preparing supper, they were much
alarmed at beholding several savages
approaching the camp. The Indians,
probably finding the party stronger
than they expected, halted within

speaking distance, while one of them advanced to the camp and asked for salt. Mr. Teays gave him the vessel containing their entire supply, and requested him to take half it contained. The Indian having done so returned thanks, and after dividing with his comrades, all moved off. The next year, while Mr. Teays was completing his surveys, near the mouth of Coal river, he was captured by a roving band of Indians and carried a prisoner to the Shawnee towns, about the time that the prisoners from the command of the ill-fated Col. Crawford were being brought in, and he, with them, was condemned to be burned at the stake. While the fires were being kindled, Mr. Teays observed an Indian sitting a small way off, apparently engaged in deep meditation. But the awful moment was come. The most fearful and heart-rending scene upon which the sun had ever shone was now to be enacted. Those familiar with the heart sickening story of the burning of Col. Crawford can imagine the horrid scene. The prisoners, one after another, were bound to the stakes; and it now came the turn of Mr. Teays. But as he was being led forward by his executioners, the Indian above referred to rushed between them, and, exclaiming, "This man Indian's friend! he gave Indian salt," severed the bonds and led the prisoner away. Thus, by giving the Indian a little salt a year before, was he saved from the awful fate of being burned at the stake. He was adopted into the family of the Indian, with whom he spent more than three years. He then made his escape, and returned by way of the Kanawha valley to his home in Campbell county, Virginia, where he lived to a ripe old age, but never returned to the valley. His lands descended to his heirs, many of the descendants of whom yet reside within the valley and upon the lands included within "Teays grant."

NORTHWESTERN VIRGINIA:
ATTACK ON FORT WHEELING

erected by government authority, and supplied with arms and ammunition from the public arsenal, it was not garrisoned by regular soldiers, in 1777, as were other State forts on the Ohio river; its sole defense was left to the heroism and bravery of those who might seek shelter within its walls. The settlement around it was at this time flourishing, and its growth had been exceedingly rapid since the first coming of the Zanes and others, 1769; a lively little village of about thirty houses had sprung up, where but a few years prior the foot of a civilized man had never trod; a few domestic flocks and herds were quietly feeding upon the hills that had so recently been occupied by wild beasts of the forest. But the peace of the little community soon to be broken.

On the night of the 1st September, 1777, Capt. Ogilvie had for some time been engaged with a party of twelve men (watching the paths leading to settlement) came into Wheeling reported that no enemy was near the course of the night, however Indian army, consisting of warriors, approached the village fearing, from seeing the lights of the fort, that the inmates would be prepared for an attack, and they themselves in ambush. Two lines were formed, some distance extending from the river across point to the creek, with a corner to afford concealment. Six lines were then stationed near a leading through the field to the about midway between these lines, in a situation exposed to observation, for the purpose of decoying within the lines any which might come out to fight them.

Early in the morning, two men going to a field for horses, the first line, and came near Indians posted in the field, suddenly perceiving the six men they endeavored to escape by a single shot brought one down, and the other was able to escape, that he might give information to the others, but was

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decoying within the lines any force
which might come out to attack
them.

Early in the morning, two men,
going to a field for horses, passed
the first line, and came near to the
Indians posted in the center;
suddenly perceiving the six savages,
they endeavored to escape by flight.
A single shot brought one of them
down, and the other was allowed to
escape, that he might give the alarm.
Learning there were but six of the
enemy, Capt. Mason, at the head of

their troubles. A neat deer-skin or homespun dress, and close-fitting moccasins, made a rustic and pretty costume, and, enveloping a rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maiden, they presented a handsome picture. At least, so thought the young huntsman, in his picturesque suit of the same material, whom the young lady no doubt admired more than if he were attired in the richest broadcloth.

THE FIRST "GRIST MILL"

Owing to the constant danger of Indian attacks in the interior, where excellent water-power might have been obtained for the running of the machinery of a grist-mill, no one cared to take the risk of constructing one, for a number of years after the first settlements were made, and each family was obliged

to pulverize their own grain by the best means at hand. Before the corn had become hardened, it was a common custom to take it while on the cob and scrape it on a grater made of a piece of tin, punched full of holes, using the rough side. After the grain had become too hard to prepare in this way, the wheat or corn was either ground in a handmill, by those who were fortunate enough to have one, or pounded with the use of mortar and pestle. The sweep was sometimes used for pounding grain into meal. This was a pole of some springy, elastic wood, thirty feet long or more; the butt end was placed under the side of the house or a large stump. This pole was supported by two forks, placed about one-third of its length from the butt end, so as to elevate the small end about fifteen feet from the ground; to this was attached, by a large mortise, a piece of a sapling, about five or six inches in diameter, and eight or ten feet long. The lower end of this was shaped so as to answer for a pestle. A wooden pin was put through it at a proper height, so that two persons could work at the sweep at once. The mortar for holding the grain was

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In the summer of 1791, a novel mill was constructed by Griffin Green and Capt. Jonathan Devoll, of Farmers Castle (below Belpre, on the Ohio river), which cost fifty-one pounds eight shillings, and was of the following description: Two boats were built, one five and the other ten feet wide, and both forty-five feet long. The larger was made of plank, similar to to a flatboat, and the other of the trunk of a large sycamore tree. They were placed about twelve feet apart, parellel to each other, and between them was constructed a paddle-wheel, very similar to the stern wheels used on many river boats, which rested in the water to the depth of the paddles. The boats were connected by platforms built of planks on each side of the wheel. On each boat rested an end of the water-wheel shaft, and on the larger was erected a frame building sufficiently large to contain the gearing and one run of small stone, and containing storage for a small amount of grain and meal. The establishment was held to its place by a cable chain fastened to a firm anchor. The wheel could thus be run by action of the current, and a place was selected

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thus be run by action of the
current, and a place was selected
where the position was safe from
Indian attack, and the current was
sufficiently strong. By a simple
contrivance, the mill could be started
and stopped, and would grind from
two to four bushels per hour,
according to the strength of the
current. When any wheat was
obtained to be ground, it went
through a bolting reel in the garrison,
turned by hand. This river mill was
visited by all the settlers on both
sides of the Ohio and its tributaries,
in canoes, for a distance of twenty
miles or more, and it was so much
of an improvement over the old
style, that the quality of the work
and size of the toll-dish was never
an object of criticism. Happy
miller!

the coat pocket this for the teacher. These combined, made a lively school. It is doubtful if the rising generation fully appreciate the advantages they now have (in the good, commodious school-houses, comfortably furnished, and in the well-trained teachers) over their fathers and grandfathers, who had to travel through sleet and snow, sometimes three or four miles, to receive the first rudiments of an education.

PRICES CURRENT IN 1778-79

The following is a partial price-list of provisions, stock, etc., in western Virginia in 1778: Cattle, ten pounds, or thirty-three and one-third dollars

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per head; horses, twenty-five pounds, or eighty-three dollars and twenty five cents; flour, fifty shillings per barrel, equal to sixteen dollars, or six pence per pound; a common woodman's ax, thirty shillings, or five dollars; a pack-saddle, about the same; salt, six pounds, or twenty dollars per bushel. The latter article was then brought from the sea-coast, and imported, none of any consequence being made in the country. Provisions at this time were exceedingly scarce and dear, and these prices are not estimated in a depreciated currency, but in silver dollars or their equivalent. In these days, when salt works are so numerous in this State, and the finest quality is so cheap, it is difficult to believe that any such price was paid here, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. In January, 1779, provisions became very scarce and dear, west of the mountains. The employing of many men in the public service required a large supply, and the main portion of it was brought from the eastern side of the mountains on pack-horses. During the winter months, when the roads were at the worst, and this service was attended with great danger from Indian attacks, carriers demanded and received twenty pounds per hundred weight for the transport of flour and other provisions from Cumberland to Pittsburg, and then there was added additional cost of transportation down the river. At Pittsburg, bacon was seven and six pence a pound, or one dollar in Pennsylvania money. The price of salt rose to sixteen pounds per bushel; the same being eight dollars per bushel near the sea-coast, in Maryland. Wheat rose to six dollars per bushel, and in a letter of Col. Morgan to Benjamin Kirkendall, a miller, on Peters' creek, he says he was forwarded three thousand dollars to purchase five hundred bushels at that rate; this was doubtless the actual price in paper money, as it was estimated at from forty to forty-five shillings, "Pennsylvania currency."